

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1875.

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(By order) J. P. KNIGHT,
London Bridge Terminus. General Manager.

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NEWMARKET RACES.—HOUGHTON MEETING.
CAMBRIDGESHIRE DAY, TUESDAY, OCT. 26.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS conveying First, Second, and Third Class Passengers at Ordinary Fares, will run between CAMBRIDGE and LONDON.

London to Cambridge. Cambridge to London. On MONDAY and TUESDAY, OCT. 25 and 26. On TUESDAY, OCT. 26. On SATURDAY, OCT. 30. a.m. p.m. OCT. 30. King's-cross dep. 8.30 Cambridge dep. 6.40 5.15 Finsbury Park arr. 8.37 Finsbury Park, Cambridge arr. 9.50 arr. 7.55 6.30 King's-cross arr. 8.5 6.35

* In connection with 5.55 p.m. Ordinary Train, Newmarket to Cambridge, on Tuesday, 26th, and with the 4.32 p.m. Ordinary Train, on Saturday, Oct. 30.

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London, King's-cross Station, HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

October, 1875.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

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GRAND POLO TOURNAMENT.
SATURDAY, OCT. 23.

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MR. MASKELYNE'S NEW SENSATION.—The latest and most startling novelty at the EGYPTIAN HALL is the extraordinary feat of Mr. Maskelyne floating his own body over the heads of the audience, under the following circumstances:—The spirit form of John King commands the fetters to drop from the hands and feet of the performer; the spirit, without touching Mr. Maskelyne, brings him from the cabinet to the committee, who examine and testify that there are no ropes attached. Mr. Maskelyne thereupon gradually ascends from the stage, and, following the pointed direction of the spirit, floats in the air over the audience and within a few inches of the lofty dome in the centre of the hall. The body then changes position, and returns to the stage in a horizontal position. During the whole time a brilliant light is thrown upon the body, clearly showing that there are no suspenders either over the head or under the feet.

MASKELYNE and COOKE'S TIME TABLE. At 3 and 8 o'clock, Plate-Spinning Extraordinary by Mr. Maskelyne; at 3.30 and 8.30 Psycho's Conjuring and Whist Playing; at 4 and 9, Mr. Manton's Wonderful Performance on his Musical Novelty, the Crystal-phonicon; at 3.30 and 9.30, Seances in exposure of the modern imposition called Spiritualism, introducing spirit voices, hands, forms, luminous musical instruments floating in the air, and the latest sensation of Mr. Maskelyne floating his own body about the hall.

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OFFICE, 198, STRAND, W.C.

THEATRES.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—Great Success of FLAMINGO. On SATURDAY, OCT. 23, and Every Evening, at 7 o'clock, a New Farce by E. Manuel, THE DOCTOR'S BROUGHAM; at 8 the Comedy by the late W. Brough, KIND TO A FAULT; and conclude with FLAMINGO; or, The Rook and the Cause. Doors open 6.30.

THE TICKET-O-F-LEAVE MAN.
EVERY EVENING, at 8,
at the
ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30 precisely, Planché's Comic Drama, in one Act, SPRING GARDENS, Mr. Buckstone as Scroop (his original character), supported by Messrs. Conway, Weatherby, Gordon, &c.; Miss Minnie Walton and Miss Edith Challis. At 8.15, a New and Original Comedy by H. J. Byron, entitled MARRIED IN HASTE. Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Warner, Howe, Rogers, Braid, Osborne, Rivers, and Mr. Henry J. Byron; Miss Emily Thorne, Miss Harrison, and Miss Carlotta Addison. Stage Manager, Mr. Coe. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. No free list. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. and Mrs. BOUCICAULT in the great Irish Drama SHAUGHRAUN, illustrated with beautiful scenery by William Beverly, at 7.45 every evening, preceded by the WHITE HAT. To conclude with A NABOB FOR AN HOUR. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

LYCEUM.—MACBETH.—EVERY EVENING at 8. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Preceded, at 7, by A WEDDING DAY. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5. Booking fees abolished. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING. Enormous Success of "Our Boys." At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—LAST SEVEN NIGHTS.—CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, at Eight o'clock, last performance of TROVATORE; Monday, Oct. 25, "Porter of Havre"; Tuesday, Oct. 26, "Maritana"; Wednesday, Oct. 27, "The Water-Carrier"; Thursday, Oct. 28, "Faust"; Friday, Oct. 29, "The Water-Carrier"; Saturday, Oct. 30 (last night), "Marriage of Figaro."

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate. Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Immense success of the Adelphi Drama, by Andrew Halliday, Esq., NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. On MONDAY, OCT. 18, and every Evening, the Drama NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Messrs. Odell, Belford, Brittain Wright, Hamilton, Byrne, Redmond. Mesdams Furtado, Baldwin, Brunton, Cuthbert. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. Preceded by, at 7 o'clock, CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS. Conclude with BRAVE AS A LION.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Enormous Success of "Sentenced to Death." Dancing on the Monstre Platform and in the new Hall. The Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated. On MONDAY, and every Evening during the week, to commence, at 7, with a new and original Drama, by Mr. Geo. Conquest and Henry Pettitt, entitled SENTENCED TO DEATH; or, Paid in His Own Coin. To be followed by the Grand Ballet VIOLETTA. To conclude with EAST LYNNE—Messrs. Geo. Conquest, W. James, G. Sennett, B. Morton, Syms, Grant, Vincent, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Denvil, Inch, Victor, &c. On THURSDAY, first Benefit of Mr. Alphonse Roques (Acting Manager), "Sentenced to Death." Kalulu, the great Caricaturist; Herbert Campbell, Miss Laura Fay, &c. To conclude with (by special desire), "Lady Audley's Secret"—Lady Audley, Miss Dolores Drummond. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

MR. SOTHERN'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.

BIRMINGHAM, T. R. Oct. 11 to .. 23.
LIVERPOOL, Alexandra Theatre Nov. 25 to Nov. 6.
MANCHESTER, Princess's Theatre Nov. 8 to .. 20.
DUBLIN, T. R. Dec. 22 to Dec. 4.
BELFAST, T. R. Dec. 6 to .. 18.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—EYES AND NO EYES, by W. S. Gilbert, Music by German Reed; after which a MUSICAL SKETCH, by Mr. Corney Graine, and A TALE OF OLD CHINA, by F. C. Burnand, Music by J. L. Molloy. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place, Oxford-circus. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

M DME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P., Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 Portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

AT the ALHAMBRA, Mr. J. A. Cave has in preparation a New Grand Ballet, invented and written by Mr. John Laurie, with new and splendid Scenery by Albert Calcott. The entirely new and gorgeous Dresses are being made by Miss Fisher, from designs by Mr. Alfred Maltby. Every effort has been made to make this production more elaborate, elegant, and brilliant than anything ever attempted at this theatre. The Music has been selected from the works of Gounod, Felicien David, and Jacobi. Mesdames Pitteri and Pertoldi, with an increased Corps de Ballet, will appear; and its first representation will take place on SATURDAY, NOV. 6.

A L H A M B R A T H E A T R E. Manager, Mr. J. A. CAVE. SPECTRESHEIM, a success unparalleled.—William Rignold, H. Wilsham, J. H. Jarvis, Frank Hall, and Harry Paulton; Katherine Munro, Marion West, and Emma Chambers. SPECTRESHEIM—The Majiltons, the Trois Diables, in their astonishing performance, causing the utmost amount of engagement and enthusiasm.

SPECTRESHEIM. Marvelous Sensation Scene, the instantaneous change from an old ruined castle to a magnificently-illuminated grand hall, crowded with masqueraders, pronounced the greatest scenic effect ever witnessed. Last nights of the grand Water Ballet. Mdlles. Pitteri and Pertoldi. Splendid Band, conducted by M. Jacobi. Open at 6.45 nightly. ALHAMBRA.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. PROMENADE CONCERTS, under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Night, at 8. Conductor, Signor Ardit. Madame Marie Rose-Perkins every night. Miss Lelia Bertie every night. Signor Palladini every night. Last week of Herr Wilhelm; his last performance on Friday next. Classical Night on Wednesday next. Madame Norman-Neruda, the celebrated Violinist, on Saturday next, her first appearance this season. Band of 100 Performers. Band of the Coldstream Guards, Promenade, One Shilling; Stalls, 3s.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to £3 3s. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5, under the direction of Mr. Hall.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—EVERY EVENING at 6.45, the interesting Drama, called CHARLOTTE HAYDON—Messrs. Reynolds, Fox, Bell, Charlton, Reeve, Lewis, Pitt, Parry, Hyde; Mdlles. Bellair, J. Summers, Mrs. Newham. CONCERT—Miss Willie Walton (Vocalist), Mr. Sam Redfern (Negro Delineator). Concluding with THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Bigwood, Fox; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner, Mrs. Newham, and Mrs. S. Lane as Mrs. Pips. WEDNESDAY, the BENEFIT of the HAND-IN-HAND SOCIETY.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD GREAT FAT CATTLE SHOW, MANCHESTER, NOV. 19 to 23.

GREAT SHOW OF FARM IMPLEMENTS.

GREAT SHOW OF CARRIAGES.

GREAT SHOW OF DOMESTIC ARTICLES.

GREAT SHOW OF CATTLE, SHEEP, AND PIGS.

GREAT SHOW OF CHEESE AND BUTTER.

GREAT FAT CATTLE SHOW, MANCHESTER, NOV. 19 to 23. Advertising in Catalogue: Three Guineas per page; half-page, 35s.; quarter-page, 26s. Space for Exhibition of Goods, 5s. per foot, 12 ft deep. The Buildings are the Largest in the Kingdom, and will be dry and warm. Prize Lists, &c., from the Secretary.

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BALLOT OF FELLOWS.

Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of becoming Fellows of the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden Society should at once send for application forms from the Secretary, and return them to the Offices of the Society.

As the number of Fellows will be limited, and as hereafter members will only be elected when vacancies occur, original applicants will be balloted for in order of application.

ELECTION AND PRIVILEGES OF FELLOWS.

1. Every candidate for Admission as a Fellow or Member shall be proposed at one election meeting and balloted for at the next.

2. Fellows will alone have the right of admission on Sundays, together with the privilege of writing orders for two.

3. All fellows balloted for and elected by the Council of Fellows or by the Executive for the time being will be entitled to free admission on all occasions on which the building is open, as also to the free use of the reading-rooms and library, and a ticket free in the Art-Union of the Society.

4. Three Special Fêtes will be held annually, at which Fellows, members, and their nominees will alone be entitled to be present. These Fêtes will be amongst the most exclusive and fashionable of the forthcoming season.

5. By the rule incorporated in the articles of association of the Society, no Fellow is in any way liable to contribute to the debts and liabilities of the Society beyond his donation of £5 5s. and his annual subscription of £2 2s.

BRUCE PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Offices, Broadway-chambers, Westminster, S.W.

ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY. NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The following gentlemen, among others, have already consented to act on the Art Committee of the Royal Aquarium Society:

J. E. Millais, Esq., R.A. R. Redgrave, Esq., R.A.

W. Calder Marshall, Esq., R.A. Lord Alfred Paget.

Lord de Lisle and Dudley. Henry Weekes, Esq., R.A.

Lord Skelmersdale. Lord Skelmersdale.

E. W. Wyon, Esq. E. W. Cooke, Esq., R.A.

General Cotton, C.S.I. S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A.

G. D. Leslie, Esq., A.R.A. H. S. Marks, Esq., A.R.A.

G. A. Cruikshank,

O P E R A - B O U F F E.—Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OEYLEY CARTE'S Office. Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing-cross.

M R. H. LORAIN E.
QUEEN'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER, NOV. 1.
BRUTUS. JULIUS CESAR. Grand Revival.

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May be obtained in Paris
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. I. M., Fulham-road.—The drawing is in hand, and will shortly appear.
CANINE.

J. E. W. W.—We desire to correct a slip of the pen which appeared in our recent answer—viz., “Old Jim” for “Old Tim.” Since then we have heard of a gentleman who possesses a photograph of Tim, and have written to him to ask if he can spare us a copy; if so, we shall be happy to forward it to you. We will let you hear the result of our letter.

J. L.—We cannot recommend you such a person. You must look in our advertising columns.

BLENTRY.—1. Yes, you are quite correct; Blenheim spaniels used to be bred much longer in the face than they are now. 2. There should be a white blaze down their head.

Toby.—Give powdered areca-nut, freshly grated. Dose, two grains to every pound weight of the dog. Mix the powder with butter and place the pill on the back of his tongue.

J. P. J.—1. Don't beat the dog; try kindness. The more you thrash him the worse he will get. 2. We will try and get you what you want. 3. Fallow, with black muzzle.

COURSING.

R. W. T., Neath.—Your letter got mislaid. It is our intention to devote some space to the feature you name.

ALEXANDRA PALACE POULTRY SHOW.

Some of the prize-winners at this fine show will be illustrated in this Journal next week, until when we postpone our review of the exhibition.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1875.

Circular Notes.

THE Freeman's Journal says:—“The last couple of days have been exceptionally wet, even for this country. As a rule, the showers are heavy and brief, or lengthened and light; but in the last two days rain, pace, and perseverance were wonderfully combined.” That is to say, it either rains heavily in Ireland or it does not. Just now absenteeism must prevail to a large extent in the Emerald Isle. Who that could avoid it would abide in a land where “rain, pace, and perseverance are wonderfully combined”?

Thomas Trussell, coalheaver, and Mary, his wife, have been committed to twenty-one days' hard labour for habitually ill-treating a little girl nine years of age. As a matter of detail, it may be mentioned that Thomas is the father, and Mary the step-mother of the child. He had amused himself by kicking the child's legs until they were black and blue, occasionally varying his treatment by an application of the stick, while his gentle wife had distinguished herself by flogging her husband's unfortunate offspring with a leather strap. The Grimsby Bench convicted the offenders—“after a brief consultation in private.” We do not know what punishment, according to the extreme rigour of the law, would be awarded for an offence of this nature; but, suppose Mr. and Mrs. Trussell had been guilty of petty larceny, would they not have been put away for a longer period than twenty-one days?

Of all methods of whiling away the tedium of a long railway journey commend us to the study of a local paper—none of your half-printed-in-London sheets or your bastard Central Press productions, but a local journal pure and simple. The other day it was our fortune to be journeying to London on the Great Northern line, when, in the neighbourhood of Peterborough, we purchased a copy of the local paper. The title of that ineffable print is of no moment, but some of its contents are—“The Coffin Business,” for example, in which diffuse report of a remarkable inquiry we find the following:—The official inspector of coffins said, “The three complaints I have

to make are—1. That the coffin of William Wedd was leaky. 2. That another, for Mary Ann Cole, was reported to me as having a hole filled up with dough. 3. That a coffin was not delivered in time.” We learn, further, that “the best wood warps the soonest,” and, still further, that it is the fashion in that part of the country to pour “three parts of a pail of water into a coffin” in order to test the stability of a pauper's last tenement. We can quite believe that less “pains are taken” with the coffins of the paupers thereabouts than was formerly the case, and have nothing but praise for those guardians of the poor who are resolved upon reform.

Observes the *Echo*, “The great show of the birds of the farmyard commenced at the Alexandra Palace on Tuesday, when the whole of the great hall was turned into a series of aviaries, through which visitors, with a strong vein of imagination, like Young John Chenery, could walk up and down, thinking they were among the groves listening to the feathered songsters.” It is possible. Visitors with a Young John Chenery, otherwise a strong, vein of imagination, did, we have no doubt, recall the mellifluous song of the nightingale as they listened lovingly to the asthmatic crow of a cochin china cock; but we doubt whether they comprised a large number of the patrons of the show. We conjecture rather that it was the *Echo* reporter and his friends who alone were afflicted with a Young John Chenery.

“The genial-looking gentleman with light, luxurious moustachios, who is generally sitting near Mr. Watson on first nights, is Mr. Savile Clarke, the special critic of the *Scotsman*.” We share with you, most friendly and argus-eyed of *Hornets*, a sincere admiration for Mr. Savile Clarke, but pray inform us what his light moustachios luxuriate in? Can it—and yet, no; the idea is too prosaic—can it be hair?

The bellringers of Blackburn are political tintinnabulators, and the Vicar of Blackburn objects to their views. He, at any rate, objects to their performing triple bob majors to the honour and glory of Mr. Thwaites. A daily paper informs us that “on Sunday afternoon the bells were being rung for afternoon service—a full peal—when the Vicar entered the belfry and asked the ringers to desist, except on one bell. From small words the dispute sprang into an altercation, during which the ringers told the Vicar he was a Radical like Mr. Gladstone and the Bishop of Manchester, and added that he was not their master. Change-ringing went on until the allotted time had expired. ‘Twas a churlish Vicar to seek to limit the ringers to one bell. The most skilful of the Blackburn professors of campanology would have found it next to impossible to produce a hilarious effect by such barren means. We are told by a poet whose “sincerest laughter with some pain was fraught” that “bells are music's laughter”—not a single bell. The bellringers of Blackburn, who, we are glad to observe, despise the Bishop of Manchester and cherish a proper scorn for a Radical like Mr. Gladstone, are to be congratulated on their firmness, which quality was probably kept alive by the knowledge of Mr. Thwaites's popular calling. In a conflict between a brewer and a Vicar we know who must go to the wall—especially when the Vicar's bellringers are the self-appointed arbitrators.

Mr. Macdonald, M.P., will have to mend his manners if he wishes to retain the respect of Lord Elcho and the rest of his Parliamentary patrons. We say nothing about his *clientèle*, as they are probably highly delighted with their leader. We merely ask Mr. Macdonald, who evidently attaches a high value to the recognition of rank, to pause ere he deals with another editor as he has dealt with the occupant of the editorial chair of the *South Wales Daily News*. He is of opinion that the proper person to succeed the said editor “would be one of a cross-breed between a travelling tinker and a sweep.” Mr. Falconer, the county court Judge, is a “garrulous old fool,” and a “meandering cockatoo.” What is Mr. Macdonald?

A popular authoress made a reading tour in Ireland lately, having engaged a young Irish gentleman as secretary and treasurer. The lady is said to have remarked on her return “that he was an exceedingly agreeable young man, but it was unfortunate that he should have bolted with the bank.”

It is pleasing to know that the *Family Herald* continues to quote us. Still more gratifying to learn that it regards us in the light of “a contemporary.” It is possible that one of these days the *F. H.* will condescend to mention us by name.

THE HUMOURS OF BICYCLING IN FRANCE.

From our gay neighbours across the Channel Cremorne a few years ago borrowed the idea of female velocipedists, and when the stern fiat of the Middlesex Shallows had deprived the Chelsea Eden of its dancing license, provided visitors with a substitute in the shape of a couple of ballet girls in flesh-coloured tights circling round the “crystal platform” on bicycles. Yet another idea have the Parisians suggested to our caterers for public amusements, as well as to the numerous bicycle clubs, whose races are not a little monotonous. Will the Surrey Bicycle Club, for instance, take the hint thrown out, and add to the variety of their sports at the Oval by the introduction of a bicycle performance as amusing as the one illustrated in our present number. This novel exhibition took place recently in the gardens of the Tuilleries at Paris, the bicycle fête being for the benefit of the *inondés*. Of the gymnasts who distinguished themselves at this meeting, Salvator (the velocipedist of the *Petit Moniteur*) appears to have been the most agile, performing on his iron steed tricks equalising the evolutions of a clever equestrian acrobat.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all chemists in boxes, eight powders 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.—[ADVT.]

SIGNOR SALVINI AS A POET.

We have much gratification in presenting our readers with a specimen of Signor Salvini's poetry. A copy of Mr. Gerald Massey's work on the Sonnets of Shakespeare having been sent to the great tragedian with a request for his autograph, Signor Salvini has sent his warm acknowledgments for the gift; and his letter contains the following verses:

Come farfalla, che la luce attira,
Alla vorace fiamma abbucia e spirra,
Così dell' Arte al sacro fuoco, anch'io
M'incendio tutto; per fatal desio!

Per te, Massey, la sorte è ben diversa!
L'istinto che ti sprona non t'avversa.
Andranne la salma, sepolta e pestata;
Ma, con l'opere tue il Genio resta!

TOMMASO SALVINI.

Italia, 26 Agosto, 1875.

We have been favoured by Mr. Henry Hersee with the following free translation:

Just as the moth is tempted by the light,
And in fierce flames falls burning, and expires,
Art's holy fire attracts my dazzled sight;
And I consume, in fatal fond desires!

Massey, on thee Fate sheds a brighter ray:
Unerring instinct spurs thy soul to strive,
The shroud may come—the sepulchre—decay;
But, in thy works, thy genius will survive!

Italy, August 26, 1875.

TOMMASO SALVINI.

BOUND FOR WINTER QUARTERS.

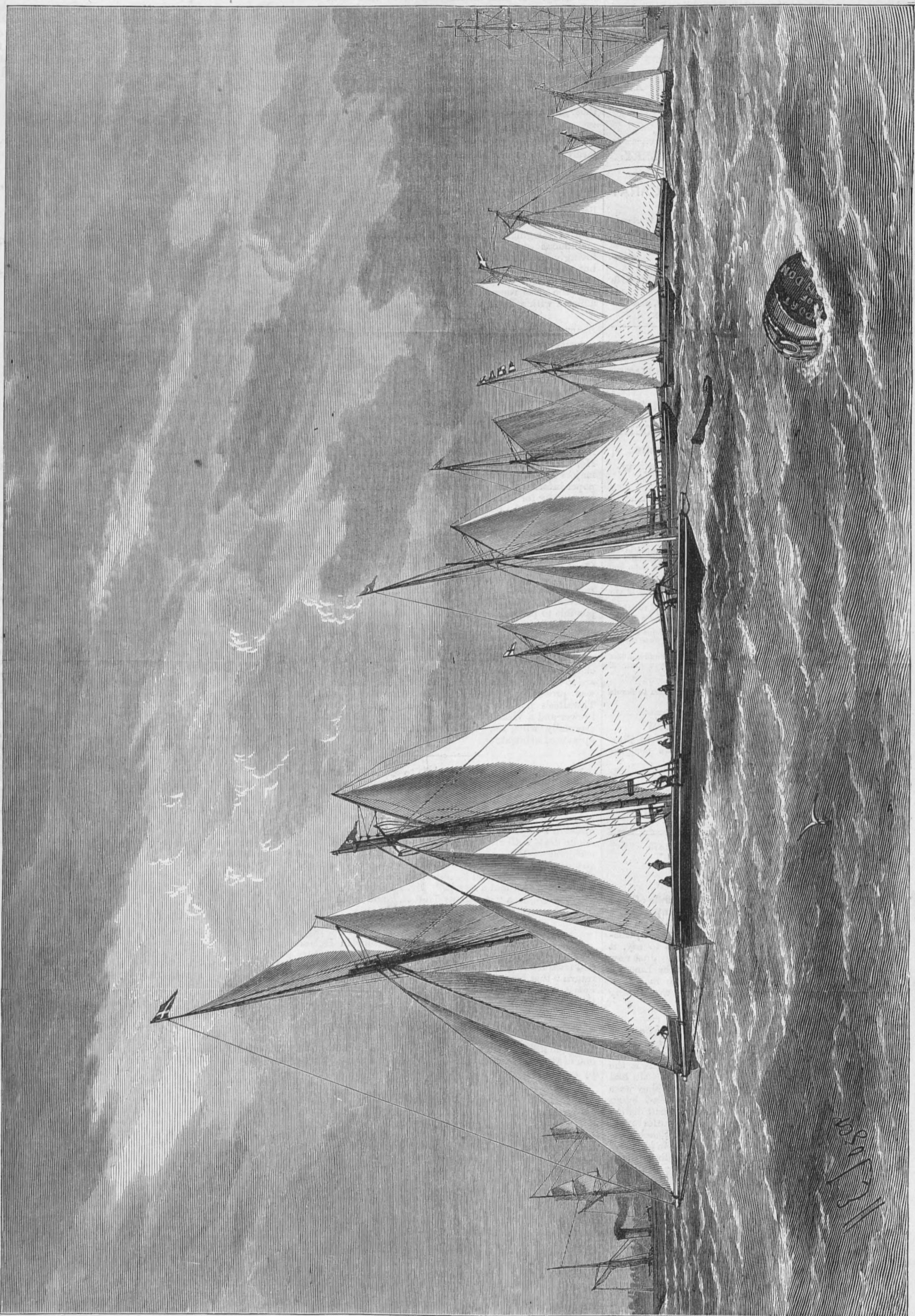
A BRIGHT, breezy October morning, with a suspicious murky look to the westward. Not the most agreeable weather for feather-bed and fair-weather yachtsmen. Yet the broad reaches of the river from Erith down past Gravesend to the Nore are alive with craft, from the little 10-ton cutter to the more business-like 100-ton schooner; and as they are all bound in one direction, tacking hither and thither, as they beat up against the freshening wind, it might almost appear to the uninitiated among us as if we were witnessing an impromptu match just to signalise the wind up of the season. Here they come, some with their topmasts already housed, dipping their pretty noses into it as if they were taking a loving farewell of the clearer portion of their native element, to which they will be strangers throughout the long, dark, dreary winter. Here come the flyers of the Solent, the redoubtable cup winners of the Thames and the London, and the heroes of channel matches all together, pell-mell, large and small, bound for winter quarters. A few days and all will be made snug—spars carefully lowered, sails and running gear stored on shore, and, alas! that we have to write it, “Ichabod!” for the glory of the yachting world is departed.

Let us stay awhile and watch these bright skimmers of the summer seas speeding homewards, and then, as the shades of evening fall, back to dinner at the Pier Hotel at Erith, where mine host will be sure to regale us upon the best of fare, washed down by the choice vintages beloved of the *gourmet*. Here there will be no more loitering on the balcony after nightfall, dallying with a larranaga or cabana, and watching the lights of the tiny fleet twinkling like myriads of fireflies far away down the river. Now all is gloom. Here and there the red and green lights of some big ocean steamer gleam out fitfully in the darkness, or the pale white warning lamp swinging at the masthead of some sailing craft at anchor gives its notice to all whom it may concern; but the charm of old Father Thames is gone. Winter quarters are reached, the swallows have homeward flown, and there is nothing left for us but to wend our way sadly back to our busy life in London.

SKETCHES OF HUNTERS.

On another page our Artist has given us some types of the sort of cattle to be met with down in the shires, where already the joyous music of the pack is beginning to be heard in many a covert, now that the brown leaves are thickly strewing the ground, and the morning sun streams unimpeded through the bare arms of the giant oaks. First we have old Tom Hardaway the huntsman jogging along on his easygoing snaffle-bridle hack, while the whips follow at a respectful distance with the hounds on their way to the meet. The Master, you may readily believe, requires a mount up to his fifteen stone—not an easy thing to find in these times. With increasing years, however, comes increasing bulk, and the requirements of the respected M.F.H. must be met somehow. There goes Jack Springett, on his raking chestnut, and his arms need to be all wire and whipcord to hold the brute as he yaws with his head in the air and rushes at his fences like a bull at a gate. His wife requisitions the gig-mare rather than be left at home when all the county are expected to assemble at the cover-side. Farmer Giles has a good serviceable hunter ready for the one day a week he allows himself—as the master describes it, “all head and buckles,” but “a good 'un to go,” as Farmer Giles maintains, notwithstanding. Our young Nimrod will not unlikely come to grief some day with his clever cob, that creeps over the raspers and scrutinises his ditches before he goes over them, as if he had not made up his mind whether or not to stop and take a drink by the way, like a bonâ fide traveller on a Sunday. Master Harry, home for the holidays, is “all there,” too, with his clever pony, whom he rams boldly at his fences, and frequently gets over when more ambitious huntsmen are left behind. One of these days he will want a 15-stoner, like the M.F.H. These are a few only of the different styles of nags to be seen with the Quorn, the Pytchley, the Belvoir, or in fact wherever poor Reynard, *malgré lui*, furnishes the sport of the season, and as such will be recognised as old friends by many of our readers.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Heating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[ADVT.]



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Our Captain Critic.

WHEN one comes to consider the number of theatres in which what is called opéra-bouffe constitutes the staple entertainment, one cannot reasonably doubt that it is the species of play most hungered after by the greater public. It is true we are a phlegmatic race, we English. The sackcloth-and-ashes of the old Puritans still infect our ideas of amusement, and throw a gloomy pall and appalling gloom over our pleasure-seekings. Aminadab Sleek pokes his nose into all our goodly companies, and, with uplifted arms and voice of sanctimonious horror, cries, "House of Agapemone!" chilling our innocent mirth and checking our harmless laughter. Lately, in magisterial guise, he has refused a dancing license to the new Winter Gardens and Aquarium at Westminster. Why this was done no sensible person can well imagine. A respectable and well-conducted dancing-room is a distinct desideratum in London; and dancing is a venerable instinct that, quite as much as hope, springs eternal in the human breast. There is no use trying to crush it. It will always be the best-loved recreation of the people. It ought to be the aim of all governments to promote as much as possible light-heartedness and gaiety amongst the hard-worked sons and daughters of earth in their hours of leisure. Heaven knows that for most of us the struggle for existence is a grave and cruel thing. But, after all, though it is very pretty poetry of Charles Kingsley's, I scarcely think that it ought to be the accepted creed and whole duty of humanity that,

Men must work and women must weep,
The sooner 'tis over the sooner to sleep:

unless, indeed, the work is labour we delight in, and the weeping such as Tony Lumpkin, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, alludes to when he says, "I have seen sister, and she cry over a book by the hour, and the more the book made them cry the more they

Something that wants seeing to



(Box keeper with ineffable contempt)
"We usually get a shilling for a Box"

liked it." No, let "loathed melancholy" be banished as much as possible from our midst. Let dancing and singing be encouraged, and as that class of entertainment combines both, let opéra-bouffe flourish. It is astonishing how sparkling melody and catching chorus will carry through inferior words. But there is no reason why—nay, it is decidedly wrong that the literary portion of musical pieces should generally be so very worthless as it is. If only this were improved, the popularity of opéra-bouffe would be permanently assured. As things are, it would seem to be expiring in spasmodic kicks.

It was a wise piece of flattery for M. Pitron to announce that he revised the Criterion version of *Fleur de Thé* according to the suggestiveness of the press. But why he should not have done so before its production is a mystery to me. Even after revision it is but a very flimsy affair. The adaptor must certainly be credited with having eliminated all the objectionable suggestions of the original. But with that he has also quite done away with the original piquancy. As it is played at the Criterion the whole affair possesses a vagueness of intention that does not add to its interest. What one gathers of the story is that Fleur (or, as the actors persist in calling it, Flure) de Thé is betrothed to Kaolin, but, according to Chinese law, having once gazed upon Pinsonnet, she is obliged to be married to him. Pinsonnet is cook on board a man-of-war, and he has already a wife, Cesarine. It is upon her contrivances to retain her husband that the action of the piece mainly depend. She makes friends with Fleur de Thé, whom she finds not at all in love with her husband. She changes dress with her, after the manner of Mariana, in the *Moated Grange*, in order to prevent the necessity of Pinsonnet passing the night with his Chinese bride. Eventually her plans are rendered needless by the arrival of a handful of men-of-war's-men, armed to the teeth, who rescue their cook from his perilous position (he is about to be executed), and the piece closes with the usual demonstrations of terpsichorean joy, which, by-the-by, is of restricted character, according to the limited license of the Criterion.

With regard to the manner in which *Fleur de Thé* is placed upon the stage I am obliged to be praiseful. Indeed, the costumes and scenery are so excellent that it makes one angry

to think that there should not be equal satisfaction to be obtained from the piece itself. The Chinese idea has not been rigorously carried out in the costumes, but it is sufficiently indicated, the result being a rich combination of colours and a generally gorgeous effect. Much care, too, seems to be taken of the stage-management, and all the young persons



who sustain the chorus are more mindful of their business than is usual in opéra-bouffes. As a rule, these festive maidens are allowed to behave as though the piece had been got up merely for their amusement, and to afford them an opportunity of having what in their own phraseology is termed "a good lark." In respect of the chorus in *Fleur de Thé*, the management of the Criterion approach more nearly to the order and precision of a French theatre than is elsewhere to be seen in English reproductions of opéra-bouffe.

Of the principal performers Miss Sudlow, who plays Cesarine, is the most noteworthy. Indeed, this young lady promises to be a decided acquisition to the opéra-bouffe stage. She has the first and all-important requisite of a comédienne—a genuine and lively appreciation of humour. She also appears to know her way about the stage, and to have had an amount



We are two such funny dogs!
What will poor Willie
Edouin say when he comes
back and finds that we've
used up all that is come
in the Chinese character!

of training that does not exhibit itself in our opéra-bouffe actresses as a rule, who generally act more like transplanted music-hall artistes than aught else. She has the fortune of a very well-balanced and graceful figure, which sways itself harmoniously always. Her chief merit is, however, refinement of style, and this is a quality so rare amongst the burlesque-

actresses of our day as to deserve recognition and encouragement wherever it appears. Her singing does not suggest so much experience. Nevertheless she has a very pleasant voice.

Talking of voice, it is a great pity Mr. Walter Fisher is not better off in this respect. A good acting tenor will, I suppose, for ever remain the most exceptional of performers. Mr. Fisher is the best upon our opéra-bouffe stage in point of ease, grace, and intelligence. He always acts nicely, he sings with great care; but his voice is not of the strongest; and when he sings he gives an impression of effort that somewhat mars the effect of his acting. As Pinsonnet he has a very shadowy part to play; in fact, it was a bad exchange of parts from Piquillo, in *La Perichole*, and Edwin, in *Trial by Jury*, to this. There is scarcely anything to be got out of this Anglicised Pinsonnet in the way of fun. The little there is, however, it is but just to acknowledge that Mr. Walter Fisher extracts from it. Besides, to look at, he is the most agreeable of our young actors. Mr. F. Clifton, who takes the part of Tin-Tin, is a quiet and refined actor, who appears to depend less upon extravagance than the worthies do who usually take such parts. He is very ludicrously dressed. He wears a small spring bell upon the centre of his diaphragm. It is a harmless little "property," and when first struck causes a smile. But I would suggest that it is greatly over-used. As Kaolin Mr. E. Marshall exerts himself tremendously in order to produce fun. If he exerted himself less he might produce more. Miss Burville, whom I had occasion to commend when she appeared in the wretched *Dagobert*, continues to improve. If she studies hard for a few years she may become a very good vocalist and actress. Taking *Fleur de Thé* as a whole, it



*M. Walter Mario Widmer Foghorn
Hatching some checknotes*

is by no means too dull a performance, in spite of its faults, as I think I have sufficiently indicated.

It is fresh in all our memories when the Philharmonic Theatre in Islington attracted us into those wilds to see *Geneviève de Brabant*. The success which attended this piece at that choice Abode of Harmony has doubtless been the inducement for bringing Miss Soldene and her company to revive it at the Royal Park Theatre in Camden Town. Nearly all our old friends at whom we used to laugh so heartily in the days when Anglicised opéra-bouffe had still the charm of novelty are retained. The two gendarmes (especially M. Felix Bury), with their absurd chorus, march up and down the stage as of yore. Mr. J. B. Rae, as the Burgomaster, blows his nose in the old familiar style; and Mr. John Rouse is again the perplexed and childless Monarch. Only Madame Dolaro is seriously missed. I was never an admirer of Miss Emily Soldene. There does not seem to be much alteration in her, however, beyond a deterioration of voice and an increase of clumsiness. But, above and beyond all others, does not the Royal Park Theatre render us the unspeakable blessing of once again feasting our eyes upon the refined, the muscular, the unsuggestive, the wiry Sara? Multitudinous bouquets greeted the "first appearance in two years" of this too, too modest danseuse; and she seems to have lost none of her peculiar modesty since when, in proud Alhambra halls, she danced her last Sara-band.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD GREAT FAT CATTLE SHOW will be open from Monday, Nov. 19, until the 23rd. As usual, there will be a great show of farm implements, carriages, domestic articles, fat cattle, sheep, and pigs, cheese and butter. The show will be held at the Pomona Gardens, and the buildings are the largest in the kingdom and the most suitable for the purpose. The prize-list is on a most liberal scale. All communications concerning entries or space for exhibiting should be addressed to M. H. Chadwick, Esq., 4, St. Mary's-street, Manchester.

Canine Notes.

SALE OF MR. F. R. HEMMINGS'S GREYHOUNDS.

The above sale, to which we drew the attention of our readers in a previous number, took place at Aldridge's on the 16th inst., and was chiefly remarkable, we regret to say, for the low prices that prevailed. The attendance was small in comparison to what we had anticipated from the quality of the lots offered for disposal; and, in short, Saturday, Oct. 16, may be termed a "buyers' day." The catalogue contained the names of three stud dogs, amongst which was the great Peasant Boy, two well-known brood bitches, one second-season dog, and several promising first-season dogs from Mr. Hemming's kennel, in addition to a few miscellaneous lots belonging to another property. The first on the list was Peasant Boy, by Racing Hopfactor out of Placid; this dog, it will be remembered, was runner up to both Muriel and Bed of Stone for the Waterloo Cup, and, for the benefit of those of our readers who have not seen him, we may state that he is a black dog of great muscular development, in every way calculated to do well at the stud. The competition for Peasant Boy was very keen, and he was ultimately knocked down to Mr. Clarke for 130gs, which may be considered as a fair price for a good dog. The fawn coloured Pretender followed, but, in spite of his being runner up to Master M'Grath in one of his Waterloo victories, he was obtained by Mr. Garle for the modest sum of 25gs. Slate Dresser, by Master M'Grath out of Restless Bell, only fetched 6gs. First-season dogs were a very fair lot, but the prices they fetched were wretched. Amongst them were a nice couple of fawn bitches by Peasant Boy out of Clegg. One of these found a purchaser at 7gs, whilst the other, which is unfortunately blind of one eye, was bought by Mr. Ingessoll for 3gs. It is quite probable that this bitch may, with proper treatment, regain her sight, in which event she is certain to repay the money laid out on her very handsomely. The red bitch by Pretender out of Magenta was decidedly a cheap bargain to Mr. Barrat at 9gs. The brindled dog by Sedan out of Peacock struck us being coarse, but well worth the money bid for him. List of prices:—

STUD DOGS.	Gs.
Peasant Boy, by Racing Hopfactor—Placid	Mr. Clarke 130
Pretender, by Evesdale—Peacock	Mr. Garle 25
Slate Dresser, by Master M'Grath—Restless Bell	Mr. Hayden 6

BROOD BITCHES.	
Magenta, by Patent Lever—Maggie Lauder	Mr. Clarke 80
Belle of Hollywell, by Master M'Grath—Belle of Scotland	Mr. Stirling 80

SECOND-SEASON DOGS.	
as forth, by Slate-Dresser—Princess Mary	Mr. Stirling 6

FIRST-SEASON DOGS.	
Mistletoe, f b, by Slate Dresser—Princess Mary	Mr. F. H. Ingessoll 21
Hollywell, b b, by Slate Dresser—Princess Mary	Mr. Stirling 5
Black and white bitch, by Pretender—Smut	Mr. Rowe 5
Fawn bitch, by Peasant Boy—Clegg	Mr. Maquade 7
Fawn bitch, by Pretender—Magenta	Mr. F. H. Ingessoll 2
Red dog, by Pretender—Magenta	Mr. F. H. Ingessoll 3
Red bitch, by Pretender—Magenta	Mr. Barrat 9
Brindled dog, by Sedan—Peacock	Mr. F. H. Ingessoll 32

PRIZE DOGS FROM THE NOTTINGHAM SHOW.

We this week give the last of our Engravings illustrating the chief prize winners at the Nottingham Show.

Wag, aged three years seven months, the property of T. Wippel, Bridge House, Exeter, is as good-looking a pointer as we wish to see. Wag is a liver-and-white dog, and has already taken 1st Exeter, 1st Birmingham, 1st Crystal Palace, 1st Truro, and 1st Nottingham, &c., these honours must stamp him as being a first-rate pointer for show purposes. Wag chiefly relies on his thoroughly workman-like formation to gain the appreciation of sportsmen. As we have before stated in these columns, it is a difficult thing to decide upon the merits of sporting dogs in a show, as for the purposes of sport something more than mere appearances are required; but Wag takes the eye as a dog that would be handy in a field—he possesses a head that is almost perfection, a splendid body well ribbed up, and carries his tail well.

Dash, the property of Mr. W. F. Baily, took first in the class for setters that had taken a first prize previous to the late Nottingham Show. He is a lemon-and-white dog of the most beautiful proportions. The only objection that could have been taken to Dash as he appeared at Nottingham was that his forelegs appeared a trifle weak and thick-jointed; but to bear against these defects can be placed his beautiful head and chest, his grand quarters, and perfect feather—in fact, he was undoubtedly the best and most beautiful setter at Nottingham.

General, the first-prize winner in the open class Fox Terriers, is an extremely taking dog in appearance. At first sight he appears to be almost the beau ideal of what a fox-terrier should be; he has a fairly well-shaped skull, and carries his ears well, and has an excellent body and stern; his chief fault, however, is that his muzzle, though of a nice length, is far too rounded in front of the eyes, which of course is not desirable in a fox-terrier. Shaker, the property of Mr. F. J. Astbury, Prestwich, Manchester, though only valued by his owner at a modest tenner, had one of the best heads in the whole exhibition; unfortunately, however, his legs are very decidedly bowed, which fault is a serious one, as it gives almost unmistakable traces of bull blood somewhere. Shaker, besides being marked on the head, has markings on his stern; his head is flat, and he has a beautiful lean and fine muzzle; his body is well shaped, and he carries his stern well. Altogether he is an attractive dog.

Pride of Yorkshire, the winner of the cup for the best toy in the show, was shown by Mr. Daniel Hirst, of Birstall, Yorkshire. She is a beautiful little thing, and has won in the best of company, as she has taken first prizes or cups at the Bellevue, Crystal Palace, and Pomona shows.

Molly, the wonderful little Italian greyhound, the property of Mr. W. McDonald, of Winchmore-hill, Middlesex, was, of course, first in her class. As will be seen from her portrait, this little creature possesses the most symmetrical head and body, with legs in proportion to her size, not of undue length, as is so frequently the case in this class of dogs. It may surprise many of our readers to hear of the extent of Molly's appetite; but her owner assured us in the show that she would readily eat as much as half a pound of meat at a time, which, for an animal of Molly's proportions and weight, must be looked upon as afeat to be wondered at. She has taken no less than six first prizes at the Crystal Palace, and the same number at Birmingham, in addition to many others all over the country.

BIRMINGHAM SHOW.

A schedule has reached us of the above show, which is to take place on Nov. 29 and 30 and Dec. 1 and 2. There are 111 classes, comprising those of every breed of dogs, and owners of good dogs should certainly be tempted to exhibit. The prizes in the sporting classes are most liberal, especially amongst pointers and setters, there being no less than twenty-three classes for these two breeds. The show is to be held, as before, in the Curzon Hall, which, although better places might be obtainable, must be better than a tent for dogs this weather. Entries close to Mr. George Beech, Athenaeum-buildings, 9, Temple-road, Birmingham, on Nov. 1.

ALEXANDRA PALACE DOG SHOW.

This new show is to be held on Dec. 14 and three following days, under the auspices of the Kennel Club, and gives every promise of turning out a genuine success. There are 109 classes, and £1050 are to be given away, so exhibitors are well treated. There are numerous changes in the schedule from what we have been accustomed to, notably amongst the bulldog classes. These dogs, for their sins, have been deprived of their two classes for dogs and bitches respectively over 60lb in weight. This is good; as it was, as a rule, a painful sight to look at the things that were entered as bulls in the heavy classes. But the Kennel Club, in making the above salutary change, might have added a class for bitches under 40lb in weight. It is very hard for a bitch of any breed to compete with a dog, and in bulldogs more especially so, as stress is laid upon size of skull and muscular development. Take for example last Crystal Palace Show. First, second, third, and V.H.C. in this class were all dogs, and though there were some fair bitches entered, including a first-prize winner at Birmingham, they were left out in the cold. We also think there should be a prize for champion bitches, as, upon the same principle as in the small class, bitches have no chance against dogs. Entries close on Tuesday, Nov. 9, to the secretary, Mr. G. Lowe, No. 2, Albert-mansions, S.W.

We have it upon the authority of the *Fanciers' Gazette* that the well-known bull terrier Young Victor, late the property of Mr. Godfree, but recently sold to him by Mr. Pfeil, died in the Hull Show. When we saw him there he showed no symptoms of sickness, but we trust his death was the result of natural causes, and not of foul play.

Mr. Lamphier writes to say that his bulldog puppies (which were disqualified at Nottingham) are not faked. He has forty opinions on the subject, and produces three as specimens of the rest. The case is interesting to the fancy, although doctors often disagree.

Apropos of bulldogs, our old friend "the bulldog that will pin and hold a bull single-handed" has disappeared from the advertising columns of a contemporary, simultaneously with the sea-serpent stories from the *Telegraph*. As the former animal was especially recommended for service in India, it may be presumed that he has left this country. We are glad, and trust the "poor Indian" is so also.

BORROWING DOGS FOR SHOW PURPOSES.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—May I be permitted space in your paper in which to endorse the remarks of "Exhibitor," which appeared two weeks ago? I had hoped that abler pens than mine would have taken up this subject, which touches upon most important grounds to all exhibitors at shows. I myself have been a victim in such a case as your former correspondent alludes to; for I was showing a spaniel at a show in the country when I was beaten by a dog belonging to a neighbour of mine, who had goodnaturedly agreed not to show against me in this case, and who had lent his dog for a time to a friend, who coolly entered him for this and other shows in his own name without the knowledge or consent of his real owner. Of course, I complained, but was told that, as there was no rule in the show to the effect that dogs were to be the bona fide property of the exhibitor, I had no remedy. This is a case you may care to insert.

Faithfully yours, F. J. L.

Aberdeen, October, 1875.

SIR,—The views of your correspondent "Exhibitor" agree with those of many of your readers, you may be sure. Scarcely a show passes without a case appearing of a man, for the sake of the prize-money, borrowing a friend's dog and by its means depriving another of the prize he is fairly entitled to. Committees of dog shows should insert a rule to the effect that any dog not the bona fide property of the exhibitor, or not properly named, should be disqualified from obtaining a prize, and his entrance money forfeited.

J. CANE.

Yours obediently, London, Oct. 14, 1875.

THE BUFFALO-HIDE HORSESHOE COMPANY (LIMITED) have removed their head offices from 60, King-street, Manchester, to 46, Lombard-street, London, E.C. The Manchester factory being totally inadequate to supply even a tithe of the demand for these shoes, it has been found necessary to open a factory in London for the supply of horseowners. At some future date we purpose describing the manufacture of these shoes, accompanied by illustrations.

One of Sir Edward Kerrison's gamekeepers, named Ship received thirteen wounds in an affray with poachers at Oakley, near Eye, on Monday night.

THE "FOOTBALL ANNUAL" for 1875, edited by C. W. Alcock, is the official organ of all the associations and unions, and is one of the most seasonable handbooks of the season.

THE DUBLIN THEATRES.—On Monday night last Mr. J. F. Warden, the popular manager of the Theatre Royal, Belfast, opened the Gaiety, Dublin, which he has taken for a term of months. Mr. Warden in coming to Dublin was no stranger breaking new ground, as years ago he was one of the established favourites of the Dublin boards. The Messrs. Gunn will now devote the entire of their attention to the "Royal."

SOME curious facts have been published as to the weight of sovereigns. At the Bank they weigh 3000 in an hour with one machine, 3d. or 4d. being deducted for every light coin. It seems that a box containing £5000 is sometimes sent to Scotland, having been duly weighed, and returned unopened, when it would be found that some of the sovereigns had become light by the friction of the journey. A certain number are always likely to be just at the turning point, and such a box will contain about eight to which the journey will make the difference. In his evidence before the Commons Committee, one of the Bank directors said:—"You are aware that the sovereign which is in your pocket at eight o'clock in the morning is not the same sovereign at twelve o'clock at night." After this rather alarming announcement, it is satisfactory to find Mr. Hodgson stating also that the charge for light weight on the eight deficient sovereigns would be about 2d. per coin, making only 16d. on the box of £5000; so that, says he, "it really amounts to nothing."

Mr. Alderman Paterson's successor is Mr. Nottage, of the Stereoscopic Company. He was on Tuesday elected in preference to Sir John Bennett, the votes being Nottage, 162; Bennett, 131.

The Lady Mayoress was presented with a silver loving-cup on Tuesday to celebrate her silver wedding.

The severe rain-fall has occasioned floods in various parts of the kingdom, and several lives have been lost.

John Arnold Lilly, a Cambridge undergraduate, pleaded guilty, on Wednesday, to the charge of stealing a gold nugget and other articles from the Albert Memorial Museum, Exeter, and was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

LAMPLough's PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints and Inflammation.—Have it in peculiar houses, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Anv.]

OLLA PODRIDA.

The Prince of Wales was well feted on Monday and Tuesday in Athens, and left the Piraeus in the Serapis on Wednesday, en route for Bombay.

Byron's "Maid of Athens," by-the-way, has not lived long to enjoy her annuity. The Athens papers announce the death of Mrs. Black, at the age of seventy-six.

The Princess of Wales is to receive a visit next week from the King and Queen of Denmark and Princess Thyra.

Christmas will be spent by the Princess of Wales with the King and Queen of Denmark at Copenhagen.

The Queen is expected at Windsor about the end of November.

The Duke of Connaught has arrived at Gibraltar.

Prince Leopold is, on Monday next, to receive the Freedom of the City of London.

The Earl and Countess of Derby and Count Münster, the German Ambassador, paid a visit to Liverpool, on Wednesday, and lunched with the Mayor.

The Premier appeared as one of the "great unpaid" on Monday, when he took part in the business of the Bucks Quarter Sessions—Lord Cottesloe in the chair.

Mr. Gladstone has taken the trouble to say "there is not a word of truth" in the rumour that he had "received a proposal from Turkey in respect to its finances."

The said rumour ran that the ex-Premier was to get £40,000 or £50,000 a year for putting the Sultan's accounts in order.

Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P., and his young wife had a cordial welcome, last Tuesday, on their arrival home at Hawarden Castle.

The difficulty with China has been diplomatically settled, and Mr. Wade has left Pekin.

The Emperor of Germany arrived, on Monday afternoon, at Milan, where he was met by the King of Italy.

Lieutenant-General Napier is ordered to proceed to Sandhurst by Nov. 1 to relieve General Sir Duncan Cameron as Governor of the Royal Military College.

President Grant and his party arrived at Salt Lake City on the 5th.

The Duke d'Aumale has just left Paris for Chantilly.

The ex-Empress Eugénie and Prince Louis Napoleon have arrived at Chiselshurst from the Continent.

Adelina Patti left Paris on the 15th for Moscow.

The death of General Frederick Maunsell, Colonel of the 85th, at the age of eighty-two, took place, on Monday last, at Bray.

Professor Wheatstone died in Paris on Tuesday.

Dean Hook died, on Wednesday, of an attack of jaundice.

The Balaklava banquet at the Alexandra Palace on Monday next will be presided over by Lieutenant-General Lord George Paget, who was second in command at the Light Brigade.

Florence Nightingale has been compelled to decline the invitation to the Balaklava banquet, "as I have been for years entirely a prisoner to my room from illness and overwork (which work still I do, thank God)."

On the seventieth anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, Thursday last, there still remained nine veteran officers to celebrate Nelson's great victory.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir George R. Sartorius, K.C.B., who is now in his eighty-sixth year, was Midshipman of the *Tonnant* at Trafalgar.

Sergeant Benjamin Davidson, a Waterloo veteran, recently died at Thurso, at the age of eighty-two years.

The son of Mr. Yeaman, M.P., while shooting wild fowl in Davis Straits has been killed by the discharge of his own gun.

The twenty-eight prisoners charged with the attack on Father O'Keeffe's house on the 11th inst. were, on Wednesday, committed for trial.

Mr. H. Chaplin, M.P., was, on Tuesday, thrown from his carriage while driving into the Waverley station to meet a train from Lincoln. His head was severely injured.

A water bailiff named Leary was murdered on Sunday night six miles from Macroom, in Ireland.

A correspondent writes to ask whether the landlord of the inn on Monkey Island at Twickenham "considers it good sport to fire rifle-bullets straight up the middle of the Thames, regardless of the lives and safety of the unhappy people who may stand in the way of so pleasant an amusement."

Mr. E. L. Davenport sprained his wrist severely in falling in *Macbeth* at Philadelphia, and has been unable to appear since. A hint for Mr. Irving!

The injuries received by Edwin Booth through being thrown from his carriage have prevented

Reviews.

Oars and Sculls. W. B. Woodgate (Geo. Bell and Sons). Mr. Woodgate is an M.A. of Oxford and a barrister-at-law. He is an author of several works, some of which, under the *nom de plume* of Wat Bradwood, we have read with much pleasure. He is *facile princeps* as an aquatic coach, and in bygone days was a famous oarsman himself. From these combined qualifications we have a right to expect something far above the average in the way of instruction in the art of rowing from Mr. Woodgate's pen, and, to do him justice, both the plan of his little work and the practical knowledge of the subject which it displays are such as should commend it to every one interested in this most manly and popular of athletic pursuits. It is a pity, therefore, that Mr. Woodgate has adopted an involved, not to say at times actually unintelligible, style of writing to which we find no parallel in any of his previous literary efforts. So intricate, indeed, are some of his sentences, and so involved are his directions in many instances where there is no necessity for other than the simplest and plainest of language, that we cannot but consider the author has been guilty of one of the worst faults which can be charged against him in the compilation of a manual the very *raison d'être* of which is that it should be intelligible to the very meanest capacity. The worst is, however, yet to come, and we are sure that Mr. Woodgate retains sufficient pride in his title as an Oxford graduate not to feel far more acutely a criticism on his literary character than adverse comment on even his aquatic knowledge. The following is one of many sentences in the book which we have tried and failed to scan by any possible standard of grammar or construction, and if the author can defend it the schoolmaster must indeed be abroad:—

Now, as to such a man, if the coach, instead of analysing the matter, or tracing all this sequence of faults to one origin, preaches against each fault distinctly, he has to enumerate so many errors that the pupil is likely to be bewildered, and the odds are against his devoting his serious attention to curing the mainspring fault, especially if he has from these causes got late in the water, and manages, by dint of extra bucket, to cure that much; then, if he some day learns to finish with his right muscles, he suddenly finds his recovery so much facilitated, that he, using the same exertions as before to get forward, becomes too soon in the water. But if the ruling fault had been taken separately in hand, its concomitants would probably disappear with but little trouble when the cause that provided them was gone.

We quote this as an example of the faults of style and, we may add, of grammar, into which Mr. Woodgate is perpetually slipping; but if any one cares to overlook these for the sake of mastering the valuable instruction which unquestionably lies hidden under the mass of verbiage in which the author is so fond of indulging, he at least deserves to become in time as good an oarsman, though we could scarcely wish him worse, than not to be able to improve on the style of writing of his mentor.

SIGNOR ROSSI IN PARIS.

The "Occasional Correspondent" of a daily contemporary writes as follows about the distinguished Italian tragedian who will shortly make his appearance in London:—

"Signor Rossi, with his Italian company, played last night at the Salle Ventadour, in *Othello*, for the benefit of the victims of the inundations. Having often observed the indifference of the French to foreign plays and players, I was surprised to find at the entrance two long queues, one of which was composed of those who had taken tickets beforehand, and the other of persons who came trusting to chance for places in the upper tiers. The crush was as great as any I ever witnessed at the door of a London theatre. If there was not a very ugly rush, the thanks are due to the efforts of the soldiers, who were instructed to admit only small batches at a time. I heard a good deal of Italian spoken by the persons collected round the doors. Americans were numerous. Signor Rossi is to sail for New York, along with his company, at the end of this week, which accounts for the interest shown in to-night's performance by the members of the American colony here. This is the third time Rossi has played in Paris. His first appearance here was in 1857, three weeks after the execution of Orsini. He and Ristori had then the first parts assigned to them in the cast of Legouvé's *Medea*, Alfieri's *Myrrhe*, and Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, translated into Italian. Rachel's furniture was being sold by her testamentary executors when the Italian company was performing at the Salle Ventadour. The report that she died through jealousy of Ristori greatly stimulated the curiosity of the Parisians, who almost preferred her to the Jewish tragedy queen before whom they had for thirteen years been burning incense. Rossi was then a fine-looking man of thirty, with a mobile and by no means classic face, a fine sonorous voice, and the best melodramatic style of acting. Critics regretted the impossibility of Rossi appearing in *Ruy Blas* and other tragedies of Victor Hugo forbidden by the board of censure. The second time he appeared here was in 1866, when he acted the part of Othello. Brizzi then, as last night, sustained the character of Iago, and Signora P. Truvelli that of Desdemona. Commander Nigra came to witness the Italian play last night. In 1857 he was the private secretary of Count Cavour, who, I remember, was very anxious to know how the Parisians received Ristori and Rossi on

their first appearance. The Orsini attempt had given a prominence to Italian questions which they retained up to the fall of the Empire. But, judging from my personal recollections, people here were not biased by political considerations outside the official region in applauding the tragedians from beyond the mountains. They did not take their cue from the Ministerial boxes, which were filled with splendidly dressed ladies and gentlemen wearing broad red ribbons across their waistcoats, who had been instructed at the Tuilleries to pelt the actors with bouquets. This was the first symptom of the change of policy which culminated in the campaign of Italy. The *Univers* I remember angrily alluded to the cheers given to Ristori by some police-agents as she was leaving the theatre.

"In one respect, Rossi has improved since 1857. He is less strongly melodramatic. It also appears to me that he does not so much lay himself out to make points, but follows the German method of aiming at unity of design. His transitions are better managed, and delicate shadings better observed. In the first act Othello is an easy-mannered gentleman in a showy costume, and slightly elated with his good fortune in having won the love of the meek Desdemona. The meeting at Cyprus of the Moor and his fair Venetian bride is, in my opinion, the weakest part of the performance. Rossi, perhaps, rolls his eyes too much, and takes unnecessary pains to show the whites of them. With the coal-black face Kean used to wear this excess would be allowable, which I think it is not when the actor's skin is not browner than a peasant's of the Campagna. Probability was not sufficiently kept in view as Othello was defending himself against the charge of having unlawfully bewitched Brabantio's daughter. The Doge was in the centre of the stage, and his senatorial assessors on each side. Rossi throughout his defence turned his back to them and spoke to the "house." His attitudes were very fine. The voice and enunciation did not afford a loophole for criticism. In the most violent parts the ear was never offended.

"Desdemona was prettily played by Signora Caltanaeo, a pupil of Rossi. This lady has many charming qualities, but I should say few great ones. Her voice, though distinct, wants fulness. It would impart to a blind person the idea that she is mincing, which she is not. Brizzi is an excellent and perfectly original Iago. He does not look a villain at the outset. His blackness of heart is revealed in his words and in divers little turns in unguarded moments. The drinking-scene, in which in the English version Iago sings a jolly song, is hurried over. More's the pity. A tragedy of Shakespeare wants the farcical scenes which shock the taste of the French and Italians. Without them the interest flags from sheer tension. There was no orchestra to enliven the entr'actes. The murder was accomplished with closed curtains. Othello's death took place on the couch where Desdemona lay. It was a lingering one. Instead of falling down mortally wounded on the stage, Rossi prefers staggering to the bed and embracing as he dies the fair flower he has so rudely torn from the stalk."

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13. GREY GELDING, FIZGIG, quiet to ride and quiet in harness, and has been hunted; wheeler.
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BRIGHTON.

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34. BLACK GELDING, FAITHFUL, quiet to ride and quiet in harness; and has been hunted; wheeler.
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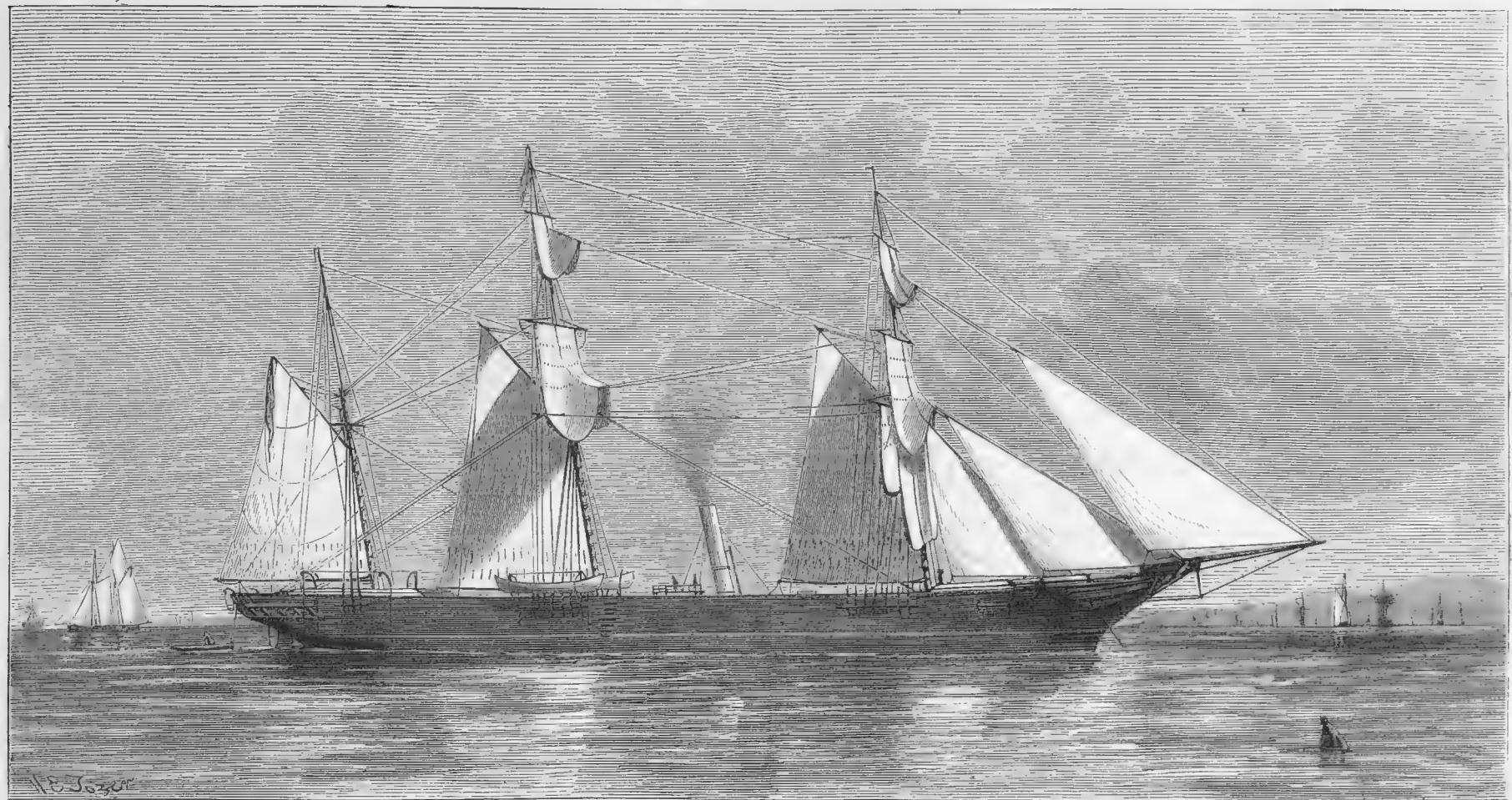
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Robson, and Miss Rose Hersee has been provided with a charming addition to her répertoire of bright and captivating heroines of opera. Mr. Santley's great scene is that in which he learns from the usurer, Charanzon (capitally enacted by Mr. Ludwig), of his son's disgrace and ruin. Martin's outburst of grief, and his vain attempt to hide his emotion from the usurer, formed one of the strongest bits of acting we have ever witnessed on the operatic stage, where naturalness is not wont to reign. The new tenor, Mr. F. C. Packard, has acquired a little animation and ease of manner since the first night of *The Porter of Havre*. Greater earnestness still is required of

him, however, in the scene engraved below—that in which, just returned from sea, Armand recognises his father in the poor porter trembling beneath the heavy load he is carrying. Surely it would be more natural for the repentant prodigal to hasten to the assistance of his father, instead of rushing away. Each of the other characters—Miss Rose Hersee as Amelia, Miss Yorke as Olympia, Mr. Charles Lyall as Felicien, Mr. Ludwig as the usurer, and Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley Cook as the bluff sea-captain and as Martin's wife—have been played to perfection; and the mounting of *The Porter of Havre* has been worthy of the *impresario*, who so well merits the success he has obtained.



THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY AT THE PRINCESS'S: MR. SANTLEY IN “THE PORTER OF HAVRE.”

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1875.

PROBABLY no race has undergone more vicissitudes as to the "added money" during the short period of its existence than the Middle Park Plate, which was decided for the tenth time last week. The original idea, suggested by the late Mr. Blenkiron, was that the added money should be furnished by the breeders of England; but, from some reason, his proposition met with very lukewarm support, the higher powers hinting that the initiative should be taken by the Royal Stud in any scheme for the establishment of a breeders' race. The Jockey Club could not, however, well take upon themselves to refuse the munificent offer of the master of Middle Park, who came forward and volunteered to find the "cool thousand" from his own resources, and the race was naturally called after the name of its founder's "monster stud-farm." So all went merrily for three years, the race waxing in popularity, and quite putting out of joint the noses of such races as the Clearwell, Prendergast, and Criterion, ancient standing dishes at head-quarters, but having their importance sadly diminished by the superior attractions of the new accession to the Second October programme. But the ancient Conservative spirit of the Jockey Club revolted thus early against the "little stranger;" and, as the Athenians hated to hear of Aristides always being called "the Just," so a majority of members of the ruling body of the turf envied the fine clothes of this young and popular Joseph, and took measures with a view of "putting him into the pit" with as little delay as possible. Accordingly, in a debate of the Turf Parliament, the commoners' annual subsidy was somewhat unceremoniously refused, and it was proposed to take the race under the immediate wing of the Jockey Club. Their resources could not continue the addition of so princely a sum as that furnished by the great Kentish breeder; but it was resolved to draw upon the club funds for a "monkey" each year, and to carry on the race under its original title. Lord Calthorpe, indeed, animated by a desire to obliterate all recollections of the founder of the race, very ungraciously proposed an alteration in its name, and in the late Baron Rothschild found a seconder for his motion that thenceforth it should be called after the Jockey Club. The exclusive tendencies of the Gentile and the Jew did not, however, find sympathy with the majority, and the gratuitous insult to Mr. Blenkiron was thus happily averted. The popularity of

the race continued to increase rather than to diminish, while it became quite as leading a feature in the Second October programme as the Cesarewitch or Clearwell. Still the Jockey Club could not quite let well alone, nor altogether relax their feelings of envy against the adopted child, though they had taken it to their bosom and sought to rechristen it under a more aristocratic appellation. The taint of plebeian descent clung to it still, and in 1873 Mr. Chaplin's conscience could hold out no longer, and he brought before his colleagues the "inexpediency" of adding so much money to a two-year-old race. At the same time he did not deem it "expedient" to withhold entries of his own horses for the race, and his objections were so vague and unsatisfactory that no immediate measures were taken for the withdrawal of the annual grant. Last year, however, it was announced that another attempt would be made to disestablish the great two-year-old race of the year by a summary withdrawal of supplies; but once again the intention was frustrated, and its enemies and opposers had to encounter the whole army of breeders arrayed against them in the gap, backed up by the full strength of public opinion, a "situation" which could not be otherwise than embarrassing in the extreme to the Turf Senate. They yielded, owing more to pressure from without than from any real desire to retain the hydra-like attraction in their programme, and we all fondly hoped that the Middle Park Plate might flourish, root and branch, for ever, attracting year by year further support from breeders who held aloof at first, and making the middle autumn meeting at Newmarket the most attractive gathering of the season. There were rumours, indeed, that, in case of the refusal by the Jockey Club to entertain the proposals of breeders, the latter might find more encouragement and less indifference to their offers in other quarters; and the prize might have been deemed, even by those opposed to its acceptance on "exclusive" grounds, too brilliant a gem to be lost for ever to the crown of racing at Newmarket. Just as men's minds had become settled in the conviction that no more changes were imminent comes the surprising announcement that the Jockey Club have not yet done with their shilly-shallying, but had arrived at the determination to take the race again into their hands, and to supply the annual £500 from their funds once more. The breeders have had their innings, and are to receive each of them a letter of thanks, which they can, if they please, have framed and glazed, and look upon in the light of a very polite kick down stairs, after having helped the lame dog over his stile in a very handsome manner. The Jockey Club washes its hands of them (until such time as they shall be required again), soaps them down with thanks for having "carried on the business during temporary difficulties," and so the matter ends. Doubtless considerations of the handsome income likely to be derived from the new stands on the heath may have influenced the club in its determination once more to take back to its arms the child of its adoption; and certain infinitesimal pangs of conscience may have induced members to consider the public in some slight degree by recognising their patronage of the new accommodation recently provided. But the same old spirit of jealousy and exclusive pride underlies their action in the present case, and breeders must feel that they have been played fast and loose with throughout the whole transaction. The Jockey Club may rest fully assured that the cry will never arise again of "breeders to the rescue," and that henceforward they must rely upon themselves alone in their determination to retain or abolish the Benkiron prize. We have had ample evidence of the extraordinary vitality of the race; but it will not bear starving, and sooner than see it dwindle away to insignificance or absolute decay, like the Riddelworths of later years, we would prefer its sudden and immediate extinction. Nothing could have been happier than Mr. Blenkiron's first idea (carried out for once only, on the last anniversary of the race) of the breeders of England uniting to form a fund to supplement the great two-year-old race of the season, and the call for their support in the hour of need has been lavishly responded to; but they will naturally hesitate ere they rally round the standard for a second time, in the same chivalrous manner, to court a similar fate at the hands of a flighty and capricious faction. We trust their patriotism may take root elsewhere, in a more genial soil, and under a less changeable and inclement climate. If we cannot quite expect the same monster entries and magnificent fields which the large forces at head-quarters can furnish, we may be sure that the liberality of breeders will be more highly appreciated elsewhere, and that every encouragement will be forthcoming to secure a continuance of their support.

THE FAMOUS MATCHES OF THE CENTURY.

During the past week at Newmarket we have been permitted to witness a contest which will take rank among the most famous matches of the century, and of which a double-page illustration is given by Mr. Sturgess in this number; and while the memory of the battle between Lowlander and Galopin is fresh in the minds of my readers it may be interesting to hark back upon the records of the turf and "shoulder our crutch and show how fields were won" in the good old days when matchmaking was more of a science than it is now, and when to win one event of this kind was a greater source of pride and glory to most of the noble sportsmen of the time than to carry off half the great handicaps of the year.

Searching the time-honoured pages of the *Calendar*, how many familiar names meet the eye, of men themselves long since gone to their rest beneath that turf they loved so well to tread in life, and many of whose descendants are among us now, with all their hereditary love of sport in undiminished vigour! To go back to the beginning of the century, we find Squire Tharp, of Snailwell, matching his bay colt Chippenham against Sir Charles Bunbury's Sorcerer, over the Rowley Mile, for 300gs, and getting well beaten for his pains. Then we come across the well-known names of Heathcote, Cookson, Houldsworth, and a host of others, which have by this time become traditional, but which, from the frequency of their recurrence, must have been more than household words to the keeper of the match-book of the period, whose office, alas! has become far too much of a sinecure in these degenerate days. To recount a tithe of the matches, which, no doubt, created as much excitement at that time as the celebrated Galopin and Lowlander match last Wednesday week, but of which nothing

but the brief entry remains to us, would be a waste of time and labour. I therefore propose only to deal with those which subsequent generations have esteemed as "more famous" even among the famous matches of the century; and it is curious that the first of these was contested by a lady. This was the celebrated Mrs. Thornton, wife of Colonel Thornton, who at one time possessed a considerable property in Yorkshire, and was a very eccentric character in his day. In 1804 Colonel Thornton matched his horse Vingarillo, at the York Meeting, against Mr. Flint's Thornville, to run four miles for a stake of 1500gs, p.p., Mr. Flint to ride his own horse and Mrs. Thornton Vingarillo, catch weights. Mr. Flint rode in a white jacket and cap, while Mrs. Thornton wore a habit the body of which was leopard-coloured, with blue sleeves, buff vest, and blue cap. It is stated that the crowd upon the Knavesmire to witness this novel match was so great that the course had to be kept by the 6th Dragoons, who were then stationed at York. Vingarillo started the favourite, and led for upwards of three miles, when Mrs. Thornton's saddle slipped round, and, finding it impossible under the circumstances to win, she eased her horse and allowed Mr. Flint to pass her a short distance from home, Thornville, of course, winning easily. At the York August Meeting in the ensuing year Mrs. Thornton again appeared in the saddle, Mr. Bromford having made two matches with the Colonel, one with his horse Othe against Claudio-Frexit for four hogheads of "*côte roti*," 2000gs, h ft, and 600gs, p.p., in which he paid forfeit and allowed the lady to walk over; and the other with his chestnut mare Allegra, ridden by Frank Buckle against Colonel Thornton's Louise, over two miles for 500gs a side, p.p. On this occasion Mrs. Thornton wore a purple cap and waistcoat, and a short nankeen skirt, with embroidered stockings and purple shoes. This match is said to have afforded a very pretty specimen of horsemanship on both sides, Mrs. Thornton and Buckle alternately leading till near home, when the lady pulled her mare together for the final run, and passed the post the winner, after a severe struggle, by half a neck. The same afternoon an altercation took place between the Colonel and Mr. Flint, in consequence of the former not having paid the stakes over Vingarillo the year before, whereupon Mr. Flint horsewhipped his antagonist, who recovered 500gs damages at the next spring assizes for the assault.

In the year 1811 the afterwards celebrated horse Copenhagen, which carried the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo four years later, was matched by his then owner, General Grosvenor, against Lord Foley's Brother to Spaniard by Young Drone over the T.Y.C. for 50gs a side, which he won. Copenhagen was never a very good horse on the turf, and the match would be scarcely worth alluding to but for the notoriety which afterwards attached to him as the great Duke's charger. He lived to the great age of thirty years, and lies buried at Strathfieldsaye, where he spent the best part of his life in honoured repose.

In 1815 and 16 Mr. Neville's Sir Joshua by Rubens ran three matches, two against the Duke of Grafton's celebrated horse Whisker and one against Filho da Puta for 1000gs., over the Rowley Mile, in which he proved victorious, receiving 7lb from the St. Leger hero. Filho da Puta was the first horse John Scott ever trained, he being at the time head lad to Sir Wm. Maxwell's trainer; and when the horse was purchased by Mr. Houldsworth after winning the Leger he transferred his services to that gentleman, for whom he trained at Farnsfield till 1823, when he and his brother removed to Whitewall. Filho da Puta, though defeated in this encounter, was not disgraced, as he was amiss at the time, and Sir Joshua was a remarkably good horse, as he proved himself on several occasions. Soon after this match Sir Joshua ruptured himself at exercise, and had to be destroyed.

From this period down to the year 1840 matchmaking was extremely popular among the patrons of racing, and among the names of those who acquired a certain skill in studying and gauging with accuracy the relative capabilities of different horses over courses of varying lengths and at different weights we find those of the late Earl of Glasgow, then Lord Kelburne, whose familiar figure is well remembered by the present generation of racegoers; Mr. George Payne, General (then Colonel) Peel, and Admiral (then Captain) Rous, all of whom are habitués of Newmarket at the present day; besides those of the Marquis of Exeter, who was for fifty years one of the pillars of the turf; Colonel King, the father of the late Mr. "Launde," the owner of Apology and Holy Friar, who died the other day; Lord Egremont, Squire Osbaldeston, Lord Chesterfield, the owner of the celebrated Priam; Sir Mark Wood, the luckiest matchmaker of the period, and many others whose fame yet survives in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and in the evergreen memories of the Solons of our turf legislature. Within a space of twenty years, though matches, as I have before said, constituted the most popular form of horse-racing, they were seldom for larger sums than 200 to 300 guineas a side; and, though the names of some of the most celebrated horses of the day are to be found as having figured in these equine duels, there are none which call for more than a passing allusion till we come to the year 1842, when Mr. A. Johnstone's brown horse Charles XII., by Voltaire, 8st 7lb, beat Mr. Lightwold's bay Hyllus, by Sir Hercules, 8st 4lb, in a match for a thousand sovereigns over a three-mile course at Goodwood. Both these horses had previously won the Goodwood Cup, and, consequently, their meeting caused much excitement. The betting was 6 to 5 on Charles XII., who won by a short half length, after a severely-contested finish. In the following year Lord Exeter's bay filly Celia, by Touchstone, 4 yrs, 8st, beat the Duke of Bedford's bay colt Oakley, by Taurus, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb, over the T.Y.C. at Newmarket for a wager of 500s. Oakley and Celia were considered the two fastest horses of the time over the T.Y.C. They ran no less than five matches over that distance. In the first and third the mare, in the receipt of 7lb for the difference of the year (between five and six years) and the sex, beat the horse. In the second, at even weights, the horse was the victor; but in the fourth he gave her 6lb and won with difficulty; and in the fifth and deciding heat he proved both his superior stamina and speed by beating her easily at 8lb.

From 1840 to 1847 we frequently find the names recorded of Garry Owen, Faugh-a-Ballagh, Alarm, Traverser, and other celebrated horses. The first named was bought, in 1838, for £100, as a yearling, by the Hon. George Byng, afterwards Earl of Strafford. He was in training for eight years, during which period he won no fewer than twenty-eight matches, besides winning several important races. In 1844 Faugh-a-Ballagh, who belonged to Mr. Irwin, beat the celebrated Coranna, at 2st for the two years, over the St. Leger course, in a match of 1000s; and in the same year received forfeit from that grand old mare, Alice Hawthorn, in a match A.F. at Newmarket for 500s, 200 forfeit. Mr. Greville's Alarm, by Venison, was one of the best horses of his day, and won the Ascot, Goodwood, and Orange Cups; but he had to succumb to the Traverser in a match over the T.Y.C. for 1000s. The latter was owned by that remarkable character, Johnny O'Brien, for whom he won several sensational matches, notably those over Alarm, Miss Sarah, and Pyrrhus the First, though he was beaten by the redoubtable Sir Tatton Sykes, and finally broke down while running with Brocardo (a son of Touchstone) over the

St. Leger course at Doncaster. In the match with Sir Tatton Sykes, over the York mile, Job Marson was on The Traverser, while Frank Butler had the mount on Sir Tatton. The latter was not by any means wound up, and Job, knowing this, forced the pace, but in the sequel cut his own throat, for The Traverser was done with at the distance and Frank Butler, taking up the running, came in an easy winner by three lengths. This race is said to have been run in about 1min 40sec, which would be the quickest time in which the York mile has ever been covered; but in those days timing had not attained its present accuracy, and the recorded fact is scarcely to be relied upon, though there can be little doubt that the race was an exceptionally fast one.

The year 1851 was a memorable one in the history of famous matches, for it was at the York Spring Meeting that the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur met in their celebrated encounter, which for the time drove all Yorkshire mad, and which has since formed the theme of perhaps more enthusiastic and grandiloquent sporting writing than any similar event of modern times. To do justice to such a subject I should not only require the pen of the "Druid," but a considerably larger amount of space than I can venture to hope will be accorded to me. The match was for £1000, and the comparative merits of the two St. Leger winners were for months previously more fiercely discussed than any other given subject anywhere, and in any company, from John o'Groats's to the Land's End. This severe race was thought (as it well might) to have broken poor Voltigeur's heart; but, anyway, excited Yorkshire bowed its head to the stroke, if not with meekness and resignation, at least with that commendable assumption of virtue which we are told is bred of necessity.

In the same year Teddington met Mountain Deer across the flat for 1000 sovs, and although there is no doubt Teddington was the better horse (and he showed it afterwards by defeating Kingstone and Stockwell in cup races at weight for age) the match was one which excited much public interest. Job Marson rode the Derby winner, as was said at the time, like a butcher boy, while Jim Robinson's riding was remarkable for the tender manner in which he handled Mountain Deer, who ran as true as steel, the finish being one of the closest and most exciting ever witnessed on the classic heath. Here also Hospodar beat Orestes in 1854 and Knowsley succumbed to Buckstone in 1862, the latter being only one of the noted matches in which the bad luck of that inveterate match-maker, Lord Glasgow, pursued him to his fall, only, however, to return to the charge undaunted by defeat, and with his faith in the prowess of his unnamed favourites unshaken.

In 1864, that good, though somewhat soft-hearted, horse, General Peel, twice bore his Lordship's colours in matches at Newmarket; once across the flat, when he had to play second fiddle to the bold Cambuscan, to whom he was giving 2lb, and once, when conceding 3lb to Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris, over the two middle miles, for 500 sovs, p.p., the welcome cry of "Lord Glasgow wins" proclaimed the victory of the ever popular white and scarlet.

Then, in 1866, came the meeting between "the Lord and the Lout," as poor Harry Feist so happily christened Lord Lyon and Rustic, for 1000 sovs, D.I., which fairly settled the question, if any sane person could ever have entertained it, as to the correctness of their relative Derby form. The following year was memorable not only for the matches between Ostreger and Knight of the Garter, both good and true warriors; Xi and

The Earl and Fripomier and Xi, all of which were of more than passing interest, but for the sensational match which took place in the Cesarewitch week, over the Bretby Stakes Course, between the Duke of Newcastle's Julius (three years) and the Marquis of Hastings' flying two-year-old, Lady Elizabeth, wherein the former, who had just won the Cesarewitch, was only giving the filly 8lb for the year. Julius looked dull in his coat, and seemed to move with less freedom than usual, doubtless owing to the severe race he had taken part in two days before; but considering that he had performed the almost unparalleled feat of winning that race with no less than 8st in the saddle, the confidence of his party was unlimited, and only the way in which the Marquis of Hastings put down the money kept the balance of favouritism equally poised between the pair. So close a battle has rarely, if ever, been witnessed, the two running head and head from the Bushes to the finish of the Rowley Mile. Until the numbers were hoisted no one could tell who had won, and when Lady Elizabeth was proclaimed the winner, the scene of wild enthusiasm beggared all description. It was said afterwards that, had her ladyship's nose been an inch shorter or any other jockey than Fordham been on her back she must have lost, and I am certainly inclined to agree in so far as the latter proposition is concerned. Hermit, the sensational winner of the snow-storm Derby in this year, attempted, as a four-year-old, to lower successively the colours of Julius, for 1000 sovs, over the two Middle Miles, and the Palmer, in two matches of 500 each across the flat. In the former he was disgracefully beaten, and in both the latter he paid forfeit, when, being notoriously a delicate horse, Mr. Chaplin became convinced of the hopeless nature of the task of training him for either contest. In 1869 Blue Gown, who was one of the best horses that ever looked through a bridle, essayed to give two years and 4lb to the speedy Vespasian, A.F., for £500, but unsuccessfully; but was more fortunate in meeting Fripomier at level weights over the Ditch Mile, when he completely retrieved his tarnished laurels.

The only other matches to which I need refer, and which are fresh in the remembrance of all my readers, are those between the two sons of King Tom, King Lud and Kingcraft, across the flat, in 1873, when the Cesarewitch winner defeated so easily the soft-hearted Derby hero; and between Prince Charlie and Peut-Etre last year for 500 sovs, p.p., over the Rowley Mile, an illustration of which appeared in this Paper. The issue of this contest was never in doubt, great horse though the Frenchman had just proved himself to be in competition with others more of his own calibre than the Prince of the T.Y.C. Prince Charlie outstripped Peut-Etre from start to finish, and won with the most consummate ease, thus ending the season as he began, with "Invicta" proudly inscribed as his motto.

The last game in the long list of famous matches of the century has just been played, and will doubtless be done full justice to by "Doncaster" in his weekly record of past racing. Time alone will show whether Galopin is worthy of a niche in the temple of fame beside such heroes as the Dutchman, West Australian, and other of the more prominent equine celebrities of former days. The field he met in the Derby was no doubt an exceptionally bad one, only to be classed with that which the lucky Kingcraft defeated in 1870, and in the other classic races of this year he has had no opportunity of distinguishing himself; but there can be equally little dispute that he beat Lowlander, who was the unrivalled champion of last year, as a racehorse should, and no horse can do more than he is asked to do; so that, for aught we know to the contrary, he may be

that wondrous creature which the world ne'er saw; or, on the other hand, be destined in his turn to bow the knee to some coming king of the turf before he retires to enjoy his well-earned reward in the calm seclusion of the harem.

If the theory and practice of match-making are not so highly thought of as they were in what people are pleased to dwell on as the palmy days of the turf, the spirit which prompted them is happily not yet extinct, as we have so recently seen exemplified, and it is to be hoped that some of not the least famous matches of the present century will be those which will fall to the lot of some turf chronicler of the rising generation.

A. A. G.

THE WINNERS OF THE CESAREWITCH AND MIDDLE PARK PLATE.

On our front page will be found likenesses, drawn by Mr. Sturgess, of the winners of the two principal events at the last meeting at head-quarters. To a certain extent, both were surprises, for though the betting before the Cesarewitch for some time had indicated that Duke of Parma must have accomplished successfully some high trial at home, and what that trial was became speedily known to the world at large, still there was nothing in the public performances of the colt which could lead one to suppose him possessed of sufficient merit to aspire to winning the largest of the autumn handicaps, and, as actually proved to be the case, to show a clean pair of heels to so large a field as thirty-six horses, some of them among the best performers of the year.

DUKE OF PARMA,

by the Duke out of Palm, made his début as a two-year-old in the Hurstbourne Stakes, at Stockbridge, where he was unplaced to Camballo, Claremont, and Vasco di Gama, and was also beaten in the Troy Stakes, at the same meeting, by Novar and Eleusis. He was equally unfortunate in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, at Goodwood, won by Mirliflor; but in his next essay, ridden by T. Cannon, he beat Lord Rosebery's Huntly, at the Doncaster September meeting, in a match for 200 sovs over the T.Y.C. At the Newmarket second October meeting he ran nowhere in a £100 plate, won by Prince Arthur, but later on got second in a 10 sovs sweepstakes to Microscope, beating Eleusis and six others. In the Houghton meeting he was again unplaced to Micchowitz, Breechloader, and La Sauteuse in the New Nursery Stakes, but wound up the season next day by winning a selling stakes over the T.Y.C., beating Nasturtium, Little Boy Blue, and Thornhill, after which he was bought by Mr. Charles Blanton for 220gs. This year, at the Newmarket Spring meeting, he ran second to Carnelian in the Prince of Wales Stakes, receiving 3st 5lb from Kaiser, who finished a bad third. At the same meeting he won the Stand Handicap, six furlongs, from Wanderer, Julian, and four others. His next essay was unsuccessful, in the Epsom Cup, won by Modena; and he did not appear in public again till the Great Yarmouth Meeting, in August, when he was disgracefully beaten by Harry Bluff and Wrangler in the Tradesmen's Handicap, and was later on again unplaced in the Great Eastern Railway Handicap at the Newmarket First October Meeting, won by Coruleus, Slumber being a bad second, and Cataclysm third. After this he was tried with Bertram, whom he beat over a distance at, it is said, 21lbs, upon the strength of which he was heavily backed for the Cesarewitch, for which he started first favourite, and justified the confidence reposed in him by fairly running away with the race, Pageant being second, and Perplexe a bad third. His pedigree is as follows:

DUKE OF PARMA.	Baron, 1842	Birdcatcher	Sir Hercules Guiccioli
	Echidna	Economist	Miss Priss, by Blacklock
	Pocahontas, 1837	Glencoe	Sultan
		Marpessa	Trampoline
	Orlando, 1841	Touchstone	Muley, by Orvina
		Vulture	Clare, by Marion
	Hershey, 1842	Glaucus	Canuel
		Hester	Banter
	Ion, 1835	Cain	Langar
		Margaret	Kite, by Bustard
PALM, 1854	Palmyra, 1838	Sultan	Partisan
	Tadmor, 1846		Nanine, by Selim
		Ilsester	Camel
	Envoy, 1839	Plenipotentiary	Monimia, by Muley
			Cainel
	Fistice, 1848	Ayesha	Monimia
			Emilie
	Azora, 1843	Voltaire	Harriet, by Pericles
		Minikin	Selman
			Bacchante

PETRARCH.

This colt has followed in the footsteps of Green Sleeves, Pero Gomez, Albert Victor, Prince Charlie, Newry, and Plebeian, who were all of them either maidens or débutantes when they carried off the great Blenkiron prize. As yet, Frivolity's 8st 10lb is the highest weight carried to victory; but the list of winner contains the names of incapables and unfortunates, so far as it goes, with one or two exceptions. Pero Gomez and Albert Victor were not a fortunate pair of animals, though the former did manage to upset Martyrdom and others for the St. Leger; while Albert was second for both Epsom and Doncaster events. Prince Charlie was the "Prince of T.Y.C.," but that is not the highest grade in equine honours; and while The Rake, Green Sleeves, Frivolity, and Surinam hardly won a race after their supreme effort over the last six furlongs of the Rowley Mile, Newry and Plebeian have signally failed as yet to confirm their excellence as two-year-olds. So that there is not an especially bright look out for Petrarch, arguing from precedents; and so far luck has rested with the runners up in the Middle Park Plate. Achievement, Pretender, Kingcraft, Hammah, Montargis, Marsworth, and Galopin, all occupied the third place, most of them with penalties; while Formosa, Marie Stuart, and George Frederick were at the head of the "great unplaced" in their respective years. Neither Madeira nor Heurtibise are in the great races of next year, but M. de Fligny is such a tough, wiry-looking piece of stuff that nothing seems to militate against his chance barring his name. It has been well said that horses with crackjaw names don't win Derbys and St. Legers, and there is much truth in the allegation. However, we have nothing to urge against the exceptionally classic nomenclature of the winner, and we wish his owner all manner of luck with the son of Lord Clifden.

Petrarch, bred by Mr. Gosden, is by Lord Clifden out of Laura, by Orlando out of Torment, by Alarm out of Alea, by Whalebone, and is the tenth foal of his dam, who has increased her kind with the utmost regularity every year since she was put to the stud in 1864. She was first put for three seasons to Rattle, a son of the Fallow Buck, by Venison, and

sire of Longdown, one of the leading division in Gladiateur's Derby. The first two years she failed to repay his attentions with anything even of average form, but her next produce was Ashfield, who over and over again disappointed his party, owing to temper, and was finally condemned to the knife. After throwing Blush Rose to Thunderbolt, Laura was sent to St. Albans, Protomartyr being the result; and then Nutbourne begat from her the famous, or infamous, Fraulein; Thunderbolt, Lemnos; and finally to Lord Clifton she threw Rotherhill and Petrarch. Laura is own sister to Tisiphone, the dam of the flying Coronella, now in Mr. Waring's stud at Buckland, but she has either been put to bad horses or eked out her years in unprofitable barrenness. Through both maternal and paternal grand-sires Petrarch derives a strain of Touchstone blood, and his dam's pedigree is full of illustrious names—Torment, dam of Tormentor; Glencoe, sire of Pocahontas, and the great Whalebone himself. Laura seems to throw winners to all sorts and conditions of horses, and her stock appears to be especially fond of Lewes, where Protomartyr, Lemnos, and Fraulein have each won the Handicap. Petrarch's own brother Rotherhill many will recollect as performing creditably in the Woodcote of 1873, but unfortunately he turned roarer early in life, and has not earned anything for the stable. A report got wind at Newmarket that Petrarch was similarly afflicted, but it turned out a mere idle invention of the enemy, as the colt showed by the easy discomfiture of his twenty-nine opponents.

We were unfortunately unable to attend at Newmarket on the Middle Park Plate day, but a very excellent judge, on whose discernment we place the greatest reliance, assures us that Petrarch is a very nice horse indeed. He is a good bay, with a narrow blaze down his face, and shows all the fine shape and quality necessary for a Derby horse. The "Special Commissioner," we observe, throws out a hint as to the possibility of his hocks giving way in training; but we trust there is nothing seriously amiss in that important department of the machinery. We shall wait with some anxiety to see how he gets through the Dewhurst Plate engagement next week, when we trust to witness the most interesting race of the year. Gratifying as it must be for Mr. Gee to witness one of his late favourite scions successful in the Middle Park Plate, Petrarch's victory in the race for the magnificent prize presented by himself will be doubly welcome. We hope that Petrarch may blossom into a Derby and St. Leger winner next, and thereby qualify himself to occupy his sire's box at Dewhurst, at present filled by Vedette. In many instances we have remarked that orphans among racehorses have been successful in the great races of the year, and the backers of Petrarch may derive some comfort from such coincidences. Petrarch is very deeply and heavily engaged next year, being in most of the great events of the season; and it is some time since the Findon touts have had a Derby horse under their eye during the winter months. We trust that the doings in connection with Petrarch will be more straightforward than those adopted with his stable-companion and half-sister Fraulein; and about the worst thing that could happen to the colt would be the purchase of him by Mr. Gomm. We hope to see him sound and well, and in the "Longdown" jacket next Derby Day.

CAPTAIN ALLEN YOUNG'S ARCTIC CRUISE IN THE PANDORA.

We present our readers with an Engraving of the brave little craft which, under the skilful command of Captain Allen Young, has safely made a notable voyage in the Arctic Seas, returning to Portsmouth on Saturday last with good news of Captain Nares and the Alert and Discovery. Captain Allen Young was sailing-master of the Fox, under M'Clintock, from 1857 to 1859, when he accomplished a wonderful journey of seventy-eight days in the Polar regions. He was, therefore, well fitted to command the smart three-masted steam-vessel Pandora—a schooner of 439 tons burden—which left England under the auspices of the late Lady Franklin shortly after the Alert and Discovery sailed from Portsmouth on their expedition to discover the North Pole. The Pandora had an able "Special" on board in the person of Mr. M'Gahan, the venturesome journalist who accompanied the Russian expedition to Khiva on behalf of the *New York Herald*; and a skilful artist in Mr. De Wylde, who has succeeded in accomplishing what cannot fail to be of value to the cause of art. The grandeur of Arctic scenery—towering icebergs, lofty mountains, and fields of ice—will be pictured, we believe, in the current number of the *Illustrated London News*, from drawings actually made on the wood by Mr. De Wylde in these high latitudes.

The story of the Pandora's cruise forms not the least interesting chapter in the history of Polar explorations. When Captain Young reached Disco on Aug. 7 he found the Alert and Discovery had already sailed northward. The Pandora, after touching at Upernivik on Aug. 13, then made for the Carey Islands, to secure any letters or records Captain Nares might have left. No cairn was found, however, on the islands. To Beechy Island the Pandora next sailed, and Captain Young found the graves of Franklin's men, Sir J. Ross's yacht Mary (her mast still upright), the two life-boats, and "Northumberland House," which, albeit partly destroyed by a marauding party of bears, still showed a braver front than its Charing-cross namesake. "Northumberland House" having been repaired by Captain Young, the Pandora subsequently made Ross Cairn, left by Ross and M'Clintock on the coast of Somerset in 1849. The record left by Ross was taken by Captain Young, who left a copy of it with another record of his own. Beautiful weather favoured the Pandora in Peel Strait. The ice-pack, however, prevented the Pandora proceeding beyond Roquette Island, on which a record was left in a cairn. On the return voyage Captain Young again touched at the Carey Islands, and was this time successful in finding a despatch from Captain Nares. Braving a terrible north-west gale, the Pandora returned to Portsmouth last Saturday with the following hopeful news of Captain Nares:

H.M.S. Alert, at Carey Islands, three a.m., July 27, 1875.

Alert and Discovery arrived here at midnight, and will leave at six a.m. for Smith Sound after depositing a dépôt of provisions and a boat. We left Upernivik on the evening of the 22nd inst., and Brown Islands on the evening of the 23rd. Passing through the middle ice during a calm without a check, we arrived at Cape York on the 25th inst. The season is a very open one, and we have every prospect of attaining a high latitude. All are well on board each ship. G. S. NARES, Captain R.N., in command of Expedition.

THE GOODWOOD CUP OF 1876 has been intrusted to the manufacture of Messrs. Elkington and Co., the celebrated jewellers, of 22, Regent-street.

CAPTURE OF A FINE JACK AT RYE HOUSE.—On Saturday, the 16th, Mr. Brookwell, one of the subscribers to the Rye House Fishery, landed, close to the house, a very fine jack, weighing over 17lb, and in splendid condition.—*Herts Guardian*.

DYEING AT HOME.—JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES.—Judson's Dyes are the best for dyeing in a few minutes—ribbons, feathers, scarfs, lace, braid, veils, shawls, &c., violet, magenta, crimson, mauve, pink, &c., 6d. per bottle. Of all Chemists and Stationers.—[ADVT.]

THE

DEWHURST PLATE.

WHEN the conditions of the Middle Park Plate, which was founded by the late Mr. Blenkiron, were remodelled, and a number of our principal breeders of blood stock determined to devote a percentage on the amounts realised by the sale of their yearlings to the maintenance of what in recent years has come to be considered the premier two-year-old contest of the season, Mr. Gee, of the Dewhurst stud, conceived the idea of giving a piece of plate to be annually competed for; and in good truth, if we may judge from the entries this year, the race which will henceforth be known as the Dewhurst Plate bids fair to become one of the most popular, if not one of the classic, events of the two-year-old campaign. This plate, which is set for decision at the Houghton Meeting, has been manufactured by Mr. Charles J. Hill, of 223, Oxford-street, and is justly considered by those who have seen it a triumph of the silversmith's art. It consists of a grand centrepiece of silver-gilt, combining a candelabrum and flower-vase; and standing as it does, 3 ft high from the base, it has a very imposing effect, the workmanship being of the highest and most refined order. On a massive tripod base stands a group of dancing nymphs, after Canova, beneath vines and foliage, the figures being very delicately modelled. These are surmounted by four massive branches surrounding a handsome flower-vase, the whole ornamented with vine-tendrils and branches of grapes. Two of the plaques upon the base bear appropriate inscriptions, the third being left blank for the name of the winner. The value of this centrepiece is, we believe, considerably over £300; its weight is 568 oz; and, while it reflects great credit upon its manufacturer, is a trophy of which both the donor and the fortunate recipient, whoever he may be, may well be proud. If enterprise be any guarantee of future success, Mr. Gee may fairly be congratulated on having set an example which we may hope to see followed, but which can scarcely be excelled in gracefulness of intention or in munificence of fulfilment.



THE DEWHURST PLATE, PRESENTED BY W. GEE, ESQ., TO BE RUN FOR AT THE NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

“SNARED!”

THIS amusing incident is not, as might be imagined, “a fiction of the artist's brain.” It actually occurred. Listen to the story as narrated in the *South Durham and Cleveland Mercury* of the 18th ult.:—

“At the Thornley Police Court, on Monday, John Greenwick was brought up on a charge of poaching, near Trimdon, on the previous night. John Hudson, gamekeeper to Mr. Fowells, was going his rounds on Sunday morning last, at an early hour, when he saw a snare set in a hare's track in a fence. Hudson watched the snare, placing himself within arm's-reach of it. He had not been concealed long before a person approached on the opposite side of the fence, and, putting his arm through a ‘smout,’ his hand was tightly grasped by Hudson, who shook it most cordially, and politely said, ‘Good-morning, John! How are you this morning?’ John, who proved to be the defendant, was afterwards handed over to the police. He now, accepting the inevitable, pleaded guilty, remarking, ‘I hev nee other chance.’ He was fined 20s. and the costs.”

THE JOCKEY CUTLER, while at the post on Bothwell for the Town Plate at Newcastle on Tuesday, was kicked off his horse by another of the competitors, and in failing broke his shoulder blade.

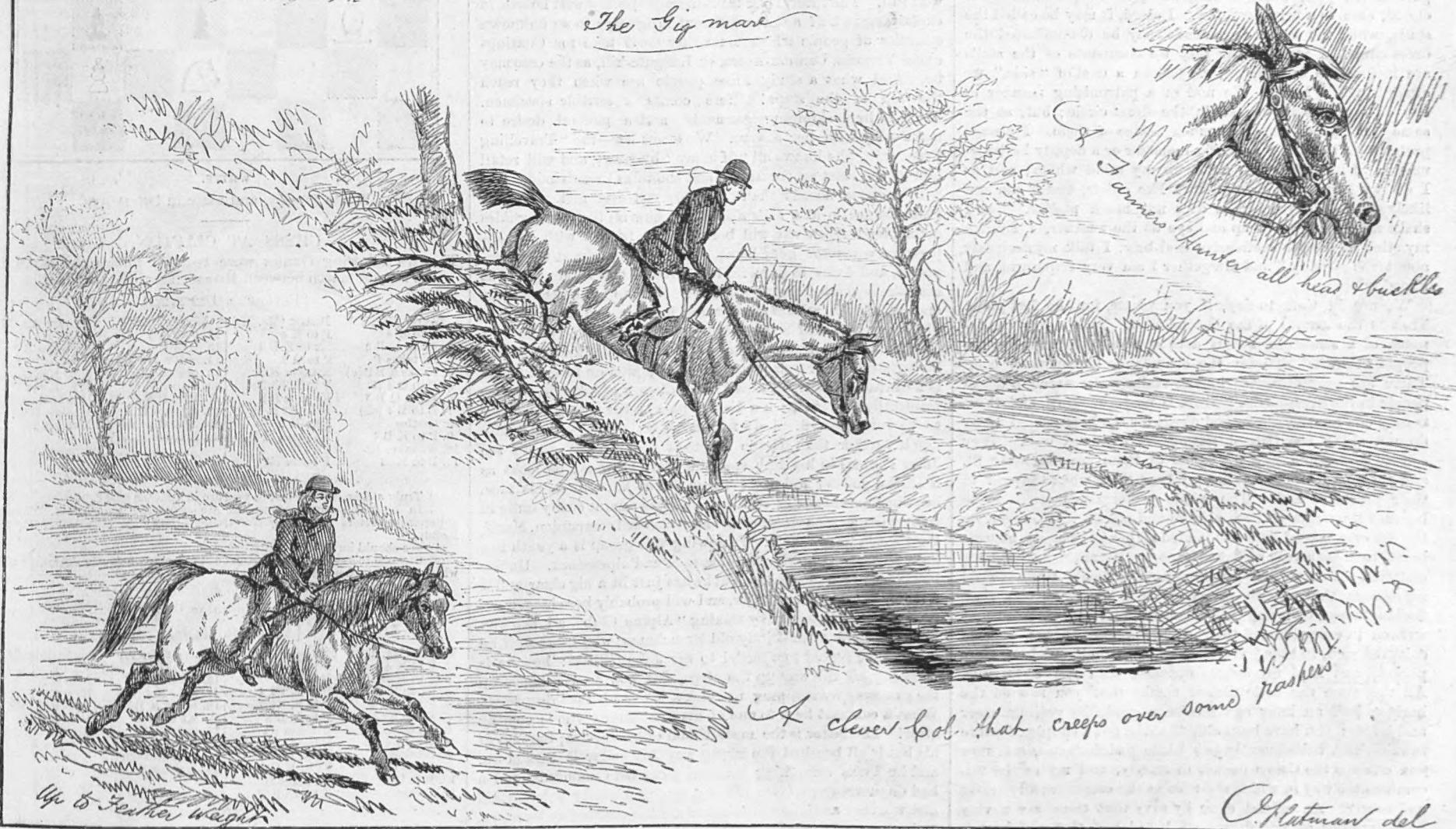
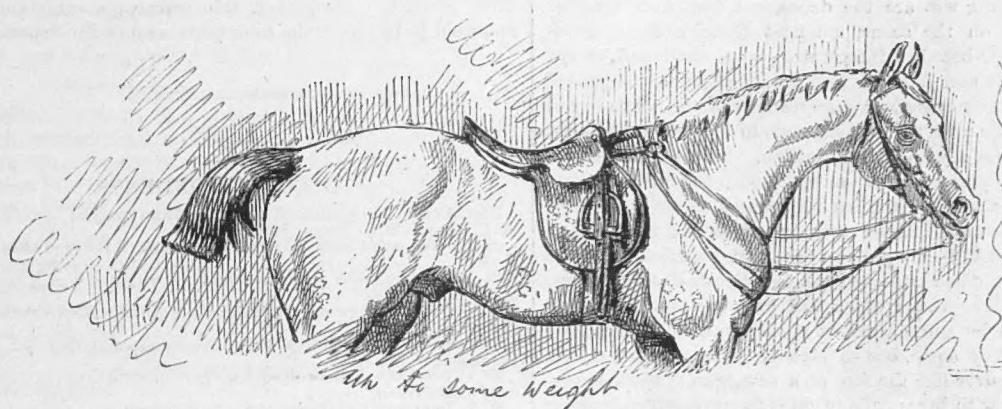
INNISHOWEN.—This horse came in first for the Coventry Handicap on Tuesday; but an objection on the ground of going the wrong side of the post proved fatal, and the race was awarded to Anchorage, who finished second.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.—A meeting of captains of the various college boat clubs took place on Tuesday evening. Mr. Rhodes, who occupied the post of stroke in the Cambridge crew last March, resigned the post of president; and in his place Mr. W. B. Close, of First Trinity, was appointed—Mr. W. G. Michell, also of First Trinity, being elected secretary. Both these gentlemen rowed in last year's crew. At the same meeting the University four-oared races and trial eights were also fixed—the first-named being set down for Nov. 5 and 6 and the latter for Dec. 5.



“SNARED!”

Sketches
of
HUNTERS.



O. Platman del

THEATRE ROYAL, DOVER.

DOVER, TUESDAY EVENING.

PEOPLE who are knowing in theatrical matters, clever folks who are well posted up in the history and mystery of certain "circuits" and are well acquainted with provincial histrionics, will shake their heads when they read this title. Readers who remember a marvellous description that Mr. George Augustus Sala gave in one of his imitable essays, anent the Dover Theatre, will say I am a vile pretender, and I know naught whatever on the subject I propose to write about. All these good folks would be perfectly justified in their remarks if they meant the same as I did. But, as it happens, we mean two different things altogether. As far as I can make out, Dover is particularly badly off in the ordinary amusements of a seaside town at present; the Theatre Royal was, I fancy, disestablished years ago; there seems to be nothing going on at the Appollonian Hall, neither is there any great attraction at the Wellington nor the Royal Clarence. There is, I believe, a travelling circus giving performances in the outskirts of the town; but, as far as music-halls and theatres are concerned, the amusements of the place appear to be well-nigh at a standstill. Then why write about the theatre at all? will people exclaim. Simply because, my dear Sir or my dear Madam, as the case may be, there is a theatre here of the very best description. I may call it the Theatre Royal; you may call it the Universal Theatre; somebody else may call it the Marine Theatre; and prosaic people with no sense of humour about them and no grain of imagination in their composition may call it the Admiralty Pier. But still, there it is: the finest, the best-ventilated, the most wholesome theatre you can wish to see. It is never closed all the year round; a succession of novelties are always being produced, the performances are mostly given in the afternoon, and there is no charge for admission, neither are there any fees to boxkeepers. Is it to be wondered at, then, that it effectually distances all other places of amusement, and that any attempt to establish other entertainments by the Doversians for their visitors should receive but scant patronage.

I have said that the best and most popular performances at our theatre usually take place at a reasonable hour. And so they do. After luncheon one has just time for a cigarette, and you can stroll leisurely down and be in plenty of time to "see the curtain go up." The first thing that will strike you forcibly will be the excellence of our scenery. Before you is a glorious panorama; you see the whole sweep of the little bay of Dover, the white mansions of Waterloo-crescent, the green-balconied houses of the Marine-parade, and the pleasant gardens of East Cliff; you may see the white cliffs—with their admirable arrangement of grey and green, their ever-changing variety of light and shade—nearly as far as the South Foreland; and, towering above all, you will see the picturesque old castle, apparently placed in the very best spot of all others to give the greatest effect to the picture. You will notice, if you please, the exquisite gradation of tint and tone, the ever-varying aspect the whole of the Castle Hill presents under the flickering influences of cloud and sunshine. In fact, so well does this prepare you for the performances that are to follow; so much does it delight your senses with its brightness and its freshness and its harmony of colour, that you are half tempted to shout out "Bravo, Beverly!" and would scarcely be surprised if that distinguished artist, "in answer to a unanimous call from all parts of the house," appeared, hat in hand, underneath that luggage-crane, and made his bow to the audience. But you must not stay too long admiring the scenery. If you come with me I will take you on the lower part of the pier, which during the time of performance is closed, save to a privileged few. Indeed, it may be called the stalls, while the upper promenade may be denominated the dress-circle. I rather fancy that we occupants of the stalls are inclined to be haughty, we put on a deal of "side," we swagger not a little. We nod in a patronising manner to any of our friends we see in the dress-circle; but, at the same time, we do not take much notice of them. I always pretend to be either a traffic manager or a deputy harbourmaster. I have not quite made up my mind which; and, as I do not happen to be the least like either, and I am not likely to take anyone in, it does not much matter. But I shake my head, I screw up one eye at the weather, I flourish my stick at a poor inoffensive coal-brig, I talk mysteriously about the "offing," and altogether I am very important and knowing.

We are in time to-day, if you please, for the first piece. That is the arrival of the Ostend boat. This never creates much of a sensation, but it does well enough to "play the people in with." To-day the attendance is unusually poor. There are only ourselves in the stalls and scarcely a dozen people in the dress-circle. There is no train down, and there is only one ramshackle fly and a cart for the luggage. I really do not think the Ostend passengers are used well. They endure a terrible passage, some of them are miserably ill, and yet there is no one even to jeer at them when they get to their journey's end. The whole performance seems to be beneath the notice of both visitors and officials. However, by the time the Ostend boat has landed all her passengers, matters begin to wear a very different aspect. Gigantic barrows are clattered down to the landing-stage, officials begin to do mysterious things with gangways and ropes, porters come flocking down, mopping their foreheads and with chronic thirst written in every line of their countenances; rugose, copper-coloured men, in blue jerseys, stand, with their hands in their pockets, and hold mysterious converse with railway guards. All this time the little film of smoke that you saw on the horizon half an hour ago has been gradually getting larger and larger: you have been able to make out a couple of white funnels, and subsequently two white paddle-boxes, and now you can see the Calais packet distinctly, and notice the uncomfortable way in which she rolls as she comes rapidly nearer and nearer. An official close by says that there are a very large number of passengers on board, and that the boat is rather late, so you will have a favourable opportunity of seeing all there is to be seen. All this time the stalls have begun to

fill up and the dress-circle is getting crowded. All the good positions are occupied in the latter and the habitués are beginning to look out for the snuggest places in the former. Every afternoon you may encounter the same faces. There is the handsome gentleman with a grey beard and his three young daughters with very short frocks and very long hair; there are the two pretty girls from the Marine Parade; there is the young lady, "every inch a sailor," with her tarpaulin hat, her A B collar, her black silk knot, and her blue serge suit; there are the three good-looking young fellows with light mustachios; there is the stout ancient mariner who is everlastingly talking of the weather and taking sights at passing vessels through his telescope; there is—

But stay, the Petrel is getting nearer. We hear a hoarse whistle, and here comes the London, Chatham, and Dover train to receive passengers. A porter is sitting on the skylight of the guard's break, and when the train stops he skips blithely along the roofs from carriage to carriage. He goes through this performance regularly every afternoon, why, I know not, for nobody seems ever to applaud him. This train is scarcely in its place before we hear another hoarse whistle, and the South Eastern train comes slowly down the pier. By this time the Calais boat is very near; we can plainly hear the beat and flutter of her paddles; we see the enormous piles of luggage under the tarpaulins, and we note how dripping wet are the decks. A few more superior officials arrive on the scene, amongst them a stout, good-humoured, large-bearded interpreter, who, save and except Double Sanskrit and debased Chaldee, is popularly supposed to be able to speak every language under the sun. The Petrel is close alongside now, the captain nods to a friend on the pier, and his dog gives a yelp of recognition. Before the vessel is made fast the mail-men are on board with the custom-house officers, and before the paddles have ceased to move the first mail-bags are landed. These come up thick and fast—for an Indian mail is just in—are put in a truck, and hurried off to the travelling post office attached to the South-Eastern train. Then the porters plunge down the gangway and begin to bring up, piece by piece, the vast mountain of registered luggage. Here they come, brown leather portmanteaux, scored and seamed all over like the face of a smuggler; black boxes, dotted all over with brass nails in an elaborate pattern, looking as if they were pretending to be merry coffins; gigantic American cases; portmanteaux in canvas-covers edged with red; well-worn leather bags, so stamped, so ticketed and labelled, that it would almost entitle them to become honorary members of the Travellers' Club; French luggage, composed for the most part of egg-chests and paper-hangings; carpet-bags, brass-bound boxes, beclamped coffers; portmanteaux displaying every variety of lock, strap, and buckle; portmanteaux of an angry and vindictive nature, so tightly corded and swollen that you tremble in case they may break loose—fancy a solid-leather portmanteau going suddenly mad, and rampaging up and down Snargate-street!—baskets of every variety of size and shape, hampers of convivial aspect, the demure-looking luggage of the newly-married couple, the serious impedimenta of the clergyman who has been taking duty at some pleasant Swiss resort. Again, there are tin boxes, portable baths, battered and dented; cases of deal, of oak, of pigskin, of cloth, of mackintosh, of cardboard, of leather, and of paper; bundles of rugs, of fishing-rods, of umbrellas and sticks, of alpenstocks and knapsacks. All these and a hundred other indescribable varieties are hurried up the steps and bestowed in their proper vans with the utmost dispatch.

During this time all the officials have their hands pretty well full. The interpreter talks himself pretty well hoarse in explaining in half a dozen different languages to an unknown quantity of people which train they must take for Charing-cross, Victoria, Cannon-street, or Ludgate-hill, as the case may be. And what a study these people are when they reach the top of the steps! Here comes a terrible specimen. Hideous hat, skimping garments, and a general desire to make play with her elbows. We know her—the "Travelling Prancer." She knows all "Murray" by heart, and will retail him on the least provocation; and she talks French louder and with a worse accent than anybody you ever met. What a nuisance she is at a *table d'hôte*, and how all the Swiss guides detest her! How she will bore all her friends with her experience when she gets home. How she smirks at the interpreter, and talks to him in bad French, and makes pecks at him like a playful elderly old hen! Next to her comes a stout ancient Briton, with a comic travelling-cap, and his arms full of parcels, and half a dozen tickets in his mouth. He has lost his wife and his four daughters, and he does not know whether he registered his luggage or not; his opinion on foreign travel is a caution to hear, and his look of disgust at his wife, waving frantically to him from a distant part of the vessel, is a thing to be remembered. I do not fancy his family will get him much further than Herne Bay next year. Then do we see John Thomas in his drab coat and silver buttons; he looks as if all the powder had been shaken out of his hair on his face, his whiskers are out of curl, and he gives a faint sickly smile in reply to some pleasantry of his rosy-cheeked companion, Marie, the French lady's-maid. Following this group is a youth in a light suit, carrying his own knapsack and alpenstock. He has been very ill coming across, but he has just lit a big cigar, and is putting on a bit of a swagger, and will probably bore his fellow-travellers prodigiously by talking "Alpine Club" all the way to town. Look at that jolly old Frenchman, who looks as if he might have served as a model to Sir John Gilbert; how he is laughing all the way up the steps, and how he will block up the gangway by stopping to crack a joke with the interpreter! What a contrast he is to one of his compatriots who is coming after! The latter is the most dismal of his species; the nap of his hat is all brushed the wrong way, his collar is turned up, and he looks something between a curried Communist and a bad daguerreotype. Do you see, too, that pretty pale invalid girl, with her anxious white-haired mother, assisted up the steps, and supported to the Boudoir Car? Do you note the anxious looks of those in attendance? It is not all comedy and farce, I can tell you, that is played upon the stage of the Theatre Royal, Dover. I

have seen sad enough scenes here sometimes, I can assure you. Possibly there is no place in the world better adapted to study "guy-kind" than here. Nothing takes the heart out of people so much as a trip across the Channel. *Mal de mer* is a terrible leveller, and even women do not care in the least how they look after a voyage. See the dismal, dilapidated, battered, dishevelled specimens that one by one appear—

A whistle blows; the time is up. The London, Chatham, and Dover is off, and is in a few minutes followed by the South-Eastern. In a marvellously short space of time all the passengers have been seated in their proper trains, all that vast amount of luggage has been properly distributed, the mails are being sorted, and the whole boat-load is by this time well on its way to London. I think I have said quite enough to give the Theatre Royal, Dover, its proper position among the amusements of seaside resorts. There is every variety of entertainment for the visitor—comedy, farce, sentimental drama, and burlesque. Not unfrequently—but this is usually at the night performances—is there a sensation drama, and occasionally something of a tragic nature. One evening last week we had a spectacle of the most brilliant description. We had rockets and red fire, and we had the band of the 104th Bengal Fusiliers and the pipers of the 78th Highlanders. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and a very brilliant and enthusiastic audience were present. Altogether, that evening's entertainment is reckoned to be one of the most successful of the season.

THE TINY TRAVELLER.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 71.—Additional correct solutions received from J. T. Naylor, W. C. Bowyer, H. R. Denne, Sidney.

A. J.—You apparently overlook that Black takes the Rook, giving check.

W. C. BOWYER.—The problems submitted, we regret to say, are not quite up to our standard.

A. WYVIL.—Your proposed solution places Black under stalemate at the first move.

PROBLEM No. 72.—Correct solutions received from Arthur W., R. W. S., Digamma, A. W. Webb.

W. C. BOWYER.—The two problems have come to hand, and shall receive early examination.

H. R. DENNE.—The solution of No. 70 is correct.

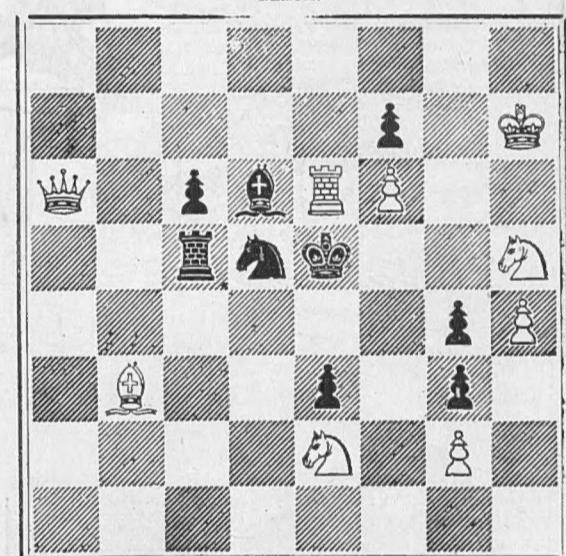
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 72.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to Q B 3	K to Q 4	2. B to Q B 8	K takes Kt, or moves.
		3. B mates.	

PROBLEM No. 73.

By Mr. H. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS AT CLIFTON.

The two following Games were recently played at Clifton in the second match between Messrs. Thorold and Minchin.

[PETROFF'S DEFENCE.]

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. P to Q 5	Kt to R 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	13. P to B 5	Kt takes B
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3	14. R P takes Kt	P takes P (e)
4. Kt Kt K B P (a)	K takes Kt	15. Q to R 5	R to K Kt sq
5. P to Q 4 (b)	P to K Kt 3	16. B to K 3	K to R sq
6. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3	17. R to E 4	P to Q K 4
7. B to B 4 (ch)	K to Kt 2	18. R takes K P	P takes R (d)
8. Castles	B to K 2	19. B to Q 4 (ch)	R to Kt 2
9. P to K B 4	Kt takes K P	20. B takes R (ch)	
10. Kt takes Kt	P to Q 4	21. B takes Kt	and Black resigned.
11. B to Kt 3	P takes Kt		

NOTES.

(a) Truly a chivalrous début to venture in a match game.

(b) In kindred positions (see the accompanying game) Mr. Thorold apparently prefers advancing the Queen's Pawn to checking with the Bishop.

(c) We should have preferred B takes P.

(d) Strange to say, Mr. Minchin did not see the wholesale destruction in which this capture must involve him.

Between the same Players.

[ALLGAIER GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. R takes Kt (ch)	R to K sq
2. P to K B 4	P takes P	13. P takes P	B to Q 3
3. Kt to K B 4	P to K Kt 4	14. R to K 4 (ch)	K to Q sq
4. P to K R 4	P to K Kt 5	15. Kt to K B 3	Q to K Kt 6
5. Kt to Kt 5	P to K R 3	16. Kt to K 5	R to K B sq
6. Kt takes B P	K takes Kt	17. Q to K 2	B to K B 4 (e)
7. P to Q 4 (a)	P to Q 4 (b)	18. Kt to B 7 (ch)	R takes Kt
8. B takes P	Kt to K B 3	19. R to K 3 (ch)	K to Q 2
9. Kt to Q 2	Kt to K R 4	20. B takes B (ch)	and wins.
10. B to Q 3	Kt takes B		
11. Castles	Q takes R P		

NOTES.

(a) See note (b) to last game.

(b) We do not see that Black has any better reply.

(c) A fatal slip, which loses the game offhand. His best move is apparently 17. B to Q 2, to which White would probably have replied with 18. Q R to K sq.

THE HISTRION'S HORNBOOK.

V.—THE UTILITY MAN.

It is true, my brother histrions, that since I quitted your noble profession I but seldom visit the playhouse. And upon those rare occasions I never go behind the scenes, but always to that seat in the back of the dress-circle to which the acting manager relegates me; for it is against theatrical etiquette that he who has once done service upon the stage should have a seat in the stalls, unless, indeed, he pay for it. I can nevertheless see, and that clearly, that my rules would be advantageously adopted. And I vow that the competence which now renders me independent of distressing labour and has enabled me to settle down for life by the banks of my beloved Thames was acquired by an undeviating attention to those very instructions which for the guidance of others I am now publishing.

As I sit now by my window memory is busy with me. The trees stand damp and cheerless by the margin of a stream whipt into angry wavelets by the cruel wind. The shrubs on my lawn are touched by the first frost. I reflect that my way, too, "has fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf." How many suns have risen and set since I, then young and ambitious, first floated down that river? The summer quickened both it and me, making glad the water in the channel and the blood in my veins. In the stern She sat, shaping the course of the shallop and the destiny of the rower. Alas! She is gone now. No wonder that the stream is empty, the landscape dismal, and life all cold. But you remain to me, my merry mummers! Disciples of Thespis, jocose or morose—wearers of the sock and buskin, mature or immature—I regard you all with softened feelings. You are round me in the twilight of my existence. An' I love ye not, beshrew me! I would have you prosperous gentlemen all. Therefore, hearken to my words.

The immortal Shakspeare has fitly observed—and, in truth, he hath so fitly observed everything worthy of it that there is left for us of the latter days little to write upon—that "one utility man in his time plays many parts." Wherefore, I would the rather call you a Versatility man, which, besides being a more agreeable and dignified manner of phrasing it, doth denote with a more nice particularity that which you really profess to be.

I have ever held—and will ever continue to hold till the day of my death, and even after that, if it be God's will that we may retain opinions in another world: though, for my part, I see not the possibility of it, considering, for example, that a controversy concerning Colenso, or the like, would be unseasonable there—I say I have ever held that your position in the theatre is annoyingly anomalous. Important and indispensable you are, notwithstanding without status. Of as much value as half a company, being able to play all the male parts, you are shamefully paid. You are the admirable Crichton of actors; the histrionic Jack of all trades. Othello is not too big for you; nor Scrub too insignificant. To-night you will play a king, and to-morrow night a caitiff—nor, I warrant me, will you look a whit less like nature in the one than in the other.

It hath always appeared to me, in watching your labours from the front, or in assisting them upon the stage, that in assuming rôles so many and so various you have ever been at too great pains to excel. This course of procedure, though extremely disinterested and generous of you, is illogical, and against the demands of circumstances. I will put the matter straightly to you. Why should you endeavour to emulate the efforts of a star whose salary is, it may be, some twenty times as great as your own? There was one of your tribe who made a stand, of which, mayhap, you have heard, and which it would be a worthy thing in you to imitate. For when at rehearsal he was rebuked by the big-salaried tragedian, and asked why he did not deliver a sentence in the same way as the great tragedian himself had said it for an example to him, he did there and then reply that he would do it in that particular way when he received as much money for the utterance. The which retort was delivered before all the players, and caused even the tragic artist himself to laugh.

You stand in one great danger against which I would warn you. I fear that in some of you a lengthened connection with the stage does beget a love of it. Use becomes second nature. Ambition succeeds to indifference; in which case, to be sure, my words in your ears are of no more significance than the idle wind in the ears of corn. Your ambition will be to you for a file to sever that chain of precepts which I have welded to bind you withal. Succumb not to this feeling, nor limit your prospects by the horizon of the footlights. Elsewhere there is profitable employment for you. By using your influence you may become a boxkeeper, and from that blossom into a theatrical manager—which is the natural progression of events at our best theatres. Or, failing this, you may become a publican; and sure there can be nothing more befitting than that you should continue to contribute to the hilarity of the public. Shakspeare and all the great wits were tavern-haunters. So, by becoming a tapster, you may pass your days and nights in congenial society.

There is a further reason why you should not tarry long upon the stage—not beyond the age of forty-five, I would say—though many of you die in the fettters. It is this—that in addition to your fondness for the profession you may become afflicted with a love for the art. It is possible for aversion to grow into affection. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," speaks of lovers and their mistresses, and finely describes the progress of a passion. "Many times," saith he, "those which at first sight cannot fancy or affect each other; but are harsh and ready to disagree, offended with each other's carriage, like Benedict and Beatrice in the comedy, and in whom they find many faults, by this living together in a house, conference, kissing, colling, and such like allurements, begin at last to doat insensibly one upon another." Therefore, as you value your hope of social success in this world, avoid all dalliance with the tragic or the comic muse.

By reading my previous chapters you might possibly become excited to cut a figure in the profession; for my

instructions to members of other branches are simple and ensure success. Therefore I advise you to leave the perusal of them to those whom they concern. You are upon the stage, either because there was nothing else which you could turn to, or because during adolescence you fancied you had an aptitude for it. Do not try to succeed in any one department. Let your motto be, "Once a utility man always a utility man."

My instructions to you will be few in number, general in scope, and negative in character.

A certain listlessness of demeanour should be observed in every part you play. Even when you are enacting the part of a rough, blustering, hectoring fellow, be sure and let the audience see that you are husbanding your strength for the farce at the end—which will make them think the more of you as one anxious to protract their pleasure. Besides, you will give a new reading of the character, which is a credit to you. Nor is it well, in the interests of public morality, that a bullying fellow in a play should be made diverting.

In every character let your expression be that of settled discontent, which, when the occasion is urgent, you can torture into an indication of rage or amusement. Thus your audience will see what you could do if it so pleased you.

Though I would be willing to do so, I cannot conscientiously advise you to be careless about the words of your part, because principals are intolerably exigent in their demands, and a too frequent failure in that respect might procure your dismissal from the theatre—which event, with market prices at a starvation rate, you might deem undesirable.

Should you at the end of your theatrical career have failed to become a manager, and should afflictions, personal and domestic, interfere with your continuing on the boards, I have a heartfelt sympathy for you. You cannot act; to carry a banner you are ashamed. If there be a stage-door-keepership vacant I would advise you to accept it. The draughts are unpleasant; but the vales, if you know your business, are considerable. You may make a good income out of the gallants who sneak down to you with a ring from Bond-street, a bouquet from Covent-garden, or a billet scented in the Strand. Accept the douceur which the gallant gives you; but you are by no means bound to deliver the presents to the ladies for whom they are intended. Indeed, by retaining them you may preserve from destruction many of the innocent young creatures of the chorus and ballet. We learn from the heathen writers that those who went to hell threw a sop to Cerberus. Thither are the majority of these gilded butterflies hastening. See, oh! Cerberus, that your sop be sufficient, and that for it there is never substituted a soporific.

Socrates covered his face when he spake of love, in order that his blushes might not be seen. Do you likewise, when you speak of your histrionic career.

OUR MUSICAL NEIGHBOURS, THE GREENS

I.
In a suburb that's famed for its gravelly soil,
And soft and salubrious air,
I hang up my hat when I've finish'd my toil,
And have scarcely a wish or a care.
With friends right and left, some engaging, some smart,
Some old, and some still in their teens,
I'd adore at a distance—ah! yes, from my heart—
Our musical neighbours, the Greens.

II.
Although, in the absolute sense of the word,
Green's hardly a musical man
(He can't play a note, nor can she, but I've heard
He possesses a snuffbox "wot can").
Still, music by handle is constantly near,
And the melody made by machines
Hath a wonderful charm for the delicate ear
Of our musical neighbours, the Greens.

III.
Then down come Germania's bands with a swoop,
As fierce and as loud as you please;
And down come the organs, a terrible troop,
By ones and by twos and by threes.
And an ill-favoured artist, who hails from Savoy,
And dresses in grey velveteens,
Grinds unlimited jigs, to the infinite joy
Of our musical neighbours, the Greens.

IV.
For the many is happiness; not for the few;
And the maxim I stoutly maintain
In asking the Greens, from a Benthamite view,
How many their bunch may contain.
They must be indeed a remarkable crop,
For whom the word happiness means
On other folks' happiness putting a stop,
Like our musical neighbours, the Greens. BROWN.

FARNWORTH DOG SHOW.—We wish to correct an error in one of our reports of the Farnworth Dog Show, in which Mr. Mellor's mastiff Turk is described as suffering from cancer. This statement is without foundation, as the marks alluded to are the effects of kennel-rubbing and have been on the dog all his life. In justice to the gentleman into whose hands the kennel department of the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is intrusted, we may state that the notice to which we have referred above accompanied some sketches that were sent us from Farnworth, and was inadvertently inserted in his absence, he being only responsible for the article that appeared under the heading Canine Notes. We regret that the remarks were inserted, and trust this explanation will prove satisfactory to the owner of Turk.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcule," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 433, Oxford-street, London. Retailed everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Shooting Notes.

THE CHOKE-BORE SYSTEM.

In previous numbers we pointed out that the originator of the "choke-bore" system in America only intended the part of the barrel that was "choked" to screw on the barrels of guns of the ordinary length when used for shooting wild-fowl at long ranges. For other sport the guns were used with the barrels in their normal state, and without the "choked part," which was a piece of barrel six inches in length. Our contemporary, the *Field* newspaper, says Mr. Pape, of Newcastle, invented this—the choke-bore system. We challenge our contemporary or Mr. Pape to prove his claim to it. About eighteen months before the *Field* gun-trial, Mr. Dougal, gunmaker, of St. James's-street, told us that he was trying to develop a system of boring—American—which would revolutionise the boring of the present day. This was the "choke-bore" system. Mr. Dougal was the first gunmaker—in London, at any rate—who to our knowledge knew anything about the matter. Shortly before the *Field* gun-trial we happened to be at Nunhead shooting-grounds seeing a "choke-bored" gun shot by another maker. Having finished the shooting, we strolled over to another target, where some one was shooting with double-barrelled guns; the "pattern," shot after shot, averaged from 190 to over 200 pellets on a 40-inch circle at forty yards. We found upon inquiry that this was Mr. Dougal's son trying guns. We afterwards found that these guns were bored on what is now known as the "modified" choke-bore system. Mr. Dougal, like a sensible man, had found out where the "choke-bore," pure and simple, was a failure—i.e., it "balled" or "clubbed" the shot on the target, and he developed the system into the "modified" choke-bore. And the natural conclusion we come to is, that he had been at work upon it since he had mentioned to us eighteen months before that "he was developing a new system of boring." Not one word did anyone hear during this period about Mr. Pape or Mr. Greener being acquainted with "choke-boring," or "modified choke-boring." It will be seen, too, upon reference to the back numbers of the *Field*, that that paper was as ignorant of the existence of any such system, as it usually is about improvements in gunnery. So much for the *Field*, Mr. Greener (so-called inventor of the system), and Mr. Pape (also credited with its invention). The pure choke-bore was never intended for general shooting. It is almost useless in the hands of a man accustomed to use a "wide-patterned" gun on the old system.

The following letter, which has appeared in a recent issue of the *Field*, best explains the situation, *pro* and *con*, as regards—

CHOKE-BORED GUNS.

Sir,—Again in this last week's *Field* there is no account from the public of the performance of their choke-bores on game. Allow me to state my opinion of the merits of the choke-bore as a gun for ordinary shooting. I, in common with many of your subscribers, had a pair of No. 12 choke-bore barrels fitted on to the stock of an ordinary gun. On taking the choke barrels out shooting the increase in weight was at once felt. My barrels by Lang weigh 1lb more than ordinary barrels. Then the new choke barrels are longer, and the 1lb not being distributed over the barrels, but mainly at the muzzle, makes the gun top-heavy—a fatal stumbling-block to brilliant shooting. I do not find in the field that extra killing-power at long ranges that one expected. I find my choke barrels cause me to miss many snap and cramped shots—many shots at snipe. I should be very sorry to see the ordinary game shot come into my turnips with a choke-bore; I know how it would be—one shot at fifteen yards, and the next at eighty. For grouse when wild I should consider the new boring as a most decided improvement, or for any powerful steady-flying bird, as ducks or black game. To show how little my humble self cares for the new toy, I am asking one third of the price I gave for the choke barrels.

Balgreggan, Stranraer, Oct. 4.

SCRUTATOR.

Writers in the *Sporting Gazette* and *Land and Water* echo the opinions expressed by "Scrutator." So that the ignorance of the *Field* newspaper as to the failure of the pure "choke-bore" system in America, seven years ago, has led that paper to recommend it to the British public, and a too credulous British public have thrown their money away over "choke-bores." Next year we shall offer a handsome and valuable silver plate (similar to the one-hundred guinea cup given by this paper to be competed for by the Irish and American riflemen at Dublin) which will become the property of any gunmaker possessing a gun able to make the "best pattern" for general shooting. Gunmakers also may be assured that the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will not ask the competitors to put their hands in their pockets to defray the expenses of "marking" the targets.

TWO OF A TRADE CAN NEVER AGREE.

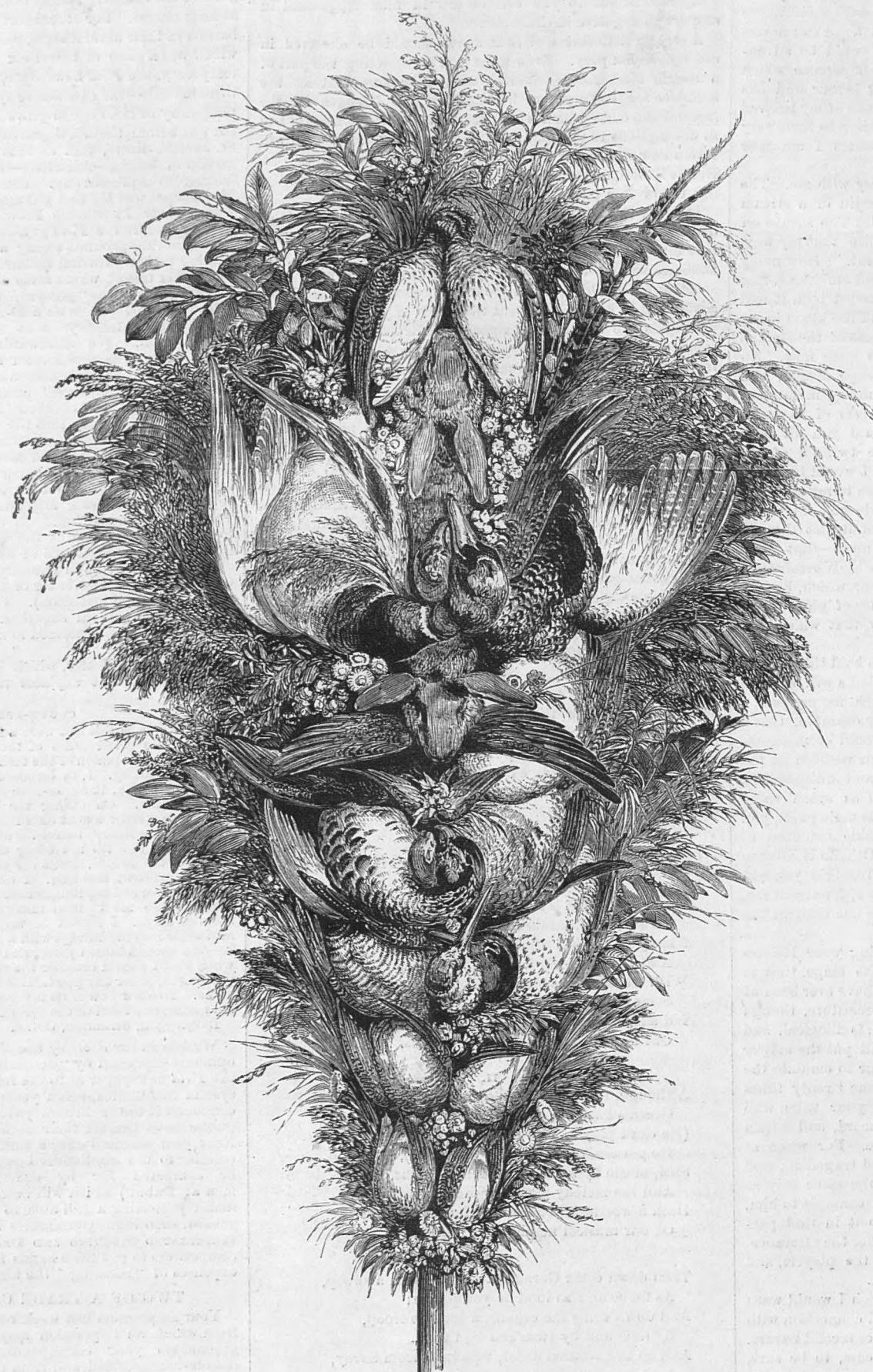
Your Impression last week contains a correspondent's letter from which an impression may run forth that we, like some gunmakers your correspondent mentions, "buy" Henry double-barrels, rifled, and from them build up our double rifles. I wish to state that we manufacture our own barrels, and do not use the "Henry" rifling, having found that our own system of rifling gives so much satisfaction, and has what we consider certain advantages, which make it "second to none" for sporting requirements. The eminence which the "Henry" system has attained in military use should not be confounded with those systems of rifling adapted for sport; and, as a firm for many years holding a pretty high reputation for rifles, it would be most injurious to that reputation were it to be supposed that we were indebted to the abilities of others for any success we have attained.—Yours obediently, J. D. DOUGALL, Jun., 59, St. James's-street, London.

AMERICAN SHOOTING NOTES.

Our contemporary the *New York Forest and Stream* says:—"Arrangements have been made by the gun club at St. Louis for the erection of a house to hold 15,000 pigeons. Large roosts abound in south-east Missouri, near Springfield, and arrangements have been made by the club with netters to furnish the number, when the pigeons arrive, at very small expense. With plenty of pigeons, shooting here will be lively this winter, and some fine scores may be looked for, as St. Louis boasts of many amateurs."

CAPTAIN WHITEHEAD, of the *New York Sportsman*, who is now in London, paid us a visit a few days since, and inspected our machinery and other office arrangements, expressing himself much pleased at the discipline and order observable throughout the establishment. The Captain is a good judge of a dog, and better of a horse.

Our American contemporary *Turf, Field, and Farm* says that a sportsman recently fired at a wild goose, and upon going to pick up the bird was amazed to find that it was petrified, having apparently turned to stone half a century back. Upon lifting up this strange "Michaelmas goose" a clear fluid ran from its bill, which the sportsman tasted, and found to have a flavour much resembling Bourbon whisky. All we can say is that an occasional "shot" of this character would have charms for many a sportsman of our acquaintance.



A BOUQUET OF GAME.

LA CHASSE IN FRANCE.

A prefect may refuse a license (1) to any person who is of age, but not on the register, or whose father or mother is not enrolled as a taxpayer; (2) to every individual who has been deprived by judicial sentence of one or more of the rights enumerated in clause 42 of the Penal Code other than the right to carry arms; (3) to anyone who has been condemned to more than six months' imprisonment for rebellion or violence towards the agents of public authority; (4) to anyone who has been found guilty of illicit association, of the making, sale, and distribution of powder, arms, or other war munitions, of written or verbal threats, of damaging trees or crops, whether planted, sowed, or naturally grown; (5) to those who have been punished as vagabonds, thieves, beggars, swindlers, or rogues. The power of refusing licenses to convicts mentioned in paragraphs 3, 4, and 5 ceases five years after the expiration of the sentence. Having thus done its best to improve the morality of the sportsmen, the Legislature next turns its attention to the younger members of society, and declares that no license shall be granted to anyone under sixteen years old "unless the demand be made for such a person by his father, mother, tutor, or guardian, who must be registered as a taxpayer." Those who are forbidden to carry arms or have not suffered the sentences passed on them for offences against the game laws are also

deprived of sport. So, too, are political offenders, judging by the following regulation:—"Permis de chasse ne peut-être accordé à tout condamné placé sous la surveillance de la Haute Police." For the desirable authorisation in question 25f. must be paid, of which 15f. go to the State and 10f. to the Commune. It is a mistake, however, to suppose, says the regulation, that the receipt gives any right to the holder. He must wait till the licence itself has been delivered. This caution would lead one to suppose that prefects do not hurry themselves about signing licenses. The landed gentleman, however, who possesses a property "inclosed by a continuous fence" is at liberty to kill game without any license whenever he pleases; but this regulation, it is added, being only drawn up to preserve the inviolability of domicile, there must be a dwelling-house on the estate or "a building which, if not actually occupied, is at least destined as a habitation." The prefect may forbid the destruction of such and such birds in order to revive the species, and he may stop the chasse altogether during heavy snow. The laws on *délits de chasse* are decidedly in favour of the sportsman. He may walk over another man's land, provided only he has verbal permission to do so. If he mortally wounds game on his own property he may follow it on to his neighbour's land, or even send his dog after it. It is not, however, stated how the fact of a mortal wound is to be decided. A sportsman cannot be fined for

letting his dog follow game on to another person's property if he prove that he did his best to restrain the animal; but if walking along the highway he send one of his children to pick up a bird in a neighbouring field he can be punished. It also appears that persons invited to join a shooting party should take measures to ascertain whether their host is not trespassing, since all, in case of his not having the right, are guilty, even the beaters, although, as the regulation very drily observes, they are but simple auxiliaries. Under the circumstances, a foreigner would do well to provide himself with a copy of the rules and regulations respecting the *chasse* before venturing to try his prowess with French friends.

MR. E. WHISTLER, 11, Strand, forwards us his catalogue of first-class secondhand breech and muzzle loading guns, rifles, and revolvers, for tiger, elephant, and every description of shooting, by the most eminent manufacturers. From ocular inspection of the goods in Mr. E. Whistler's establishment, we can testify to their being worthy the attention of any one in search of a sound and cheap gun.